McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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CARL SASSE DIES SUDDENLY TUESDAY NIGHT.

He Died at His Home, on Mechanic Street of Pneumonia.

A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

He Was Taken Ill on Thanksgiving Day and His Condition Was Not Considered Serious Until Day of His Death—End of Long and Useful Career—Funeral Will be Held Friday Afternoon.

This community was shocked Tuesday evening when it was learned that Carl Sasse, one of Smethport's oldest and best known business men, had passed away at his home on Mechanic street at about 7.30. The cause of his death was pneumonia and he had only been sick a few days.

On Wednesday of last week he was attending to his duties at the furniture store of Specht & Sasse, he being the junior partner of this well known firm. The writer was in the store this day and, although Mr Sasse had a little cold, he seemed to be feeling quite well. On Thursday his cold grew worse and he did not come to the store on Friday or Saturday but he did not take to his bed until a few minutes before he died, although he showed a well developed case of pneumonia on Monday.

Carl Sasse, who was 74 years of age was born in Duderstadt, Hanover, Prussia, in 1833 and came to America in 1863 and located in Smethport where his half-brother and the senior partner of the firm of Specht & Sasse had come some years before. He became engaged in the cabinet making business which he followed for some time. Later he and William Specht engaged in the furniture business which he followed until death took him away.

He has always been prominent in the affairs of the borough and has always used his best efforts in assisting in the upbuilding of Smethport. He was a charter member of the A. O. U. W. and was prominent in the affairs of this order when it was in a flourishing condition. In politics he was a Democrat and although the Democratic party has been hopelessly in the minority for many years, Mr. Sasse has held various offices of trust in this borough, which attests to his popularity and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens.

He came from good German stock and possessed the firm, religiously honest character that is so common among the German people and this together with an unusually kind heart won him legions of firm friends who will deeply regret his demise.

In 1867 he was united in marriage to Margaret Koenig, also a native of Dunderstadt and the fruits of this union were five children, namely: Leonard (deceased), Miss Amanda, who has always lived at home and for the past six years, since the death of Mrs. Sasse, has had charge of the house; Herman, who is associated with E. W. Jones in the livery business and manages the undertaking buiness for Specht & Sasse; Rudolph, who is employed in the Backus Novelty company factory, and Waldo, who is employed in a store in Kane. Mr. Sasse's home life has always been unusually pleasant, he being one of the men who fully enjoyed his home life and always did his full share to make home pleasant. Therefore his death will be a severe blow to his children and grand-children of which he had five.

The funeral services will be held at his late home tomorrow (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, and his remains will be laid at rest beside those of his wife in Rose Hill cemetery.

ERVIN EVANS DEAD

Nineteen-Year-Old Son of Eugene Evans Passed Away Last Friday.

Ervin Evans, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Evans, died at the home of his parents at East Smethport on Friday, November 29,1912. The cause of the young man's death was pneumonia and he had been sick only a few days previous to his death.

This is the second affliction this family has had in a very short time. On the evening of October 29, last, the house in which the Evans family lived was burned to the ground and Earl the nine-year-old brother of the subject of this sketch was burned to death in the building and his body was not recovered until the next morning.

The deceased is spoken of as a bright, energetic young man who had many friends and his death will be deeply mourned by his parents and brothers and sisters as well as by his friends.

The funeral services were held at his late home on Sunday and his remains taken to Lafayette for burial.

CATHOLIC BAZAAR

Three nights of Entertainment Given for Benefit of St. Elizabeth Church

The annual bazaar and fair of St. Elizabeth's church was held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of last week and was a success in every way. The net proceeds were hardly up to the standard, but the high character of the entertainments fully made up for the slight shortage in cash, so everybody is well pleased with the affair.

Thursday night, (Thanksgiving) a grand ball was given. This function was well attended and greatly enjoyed by all. The music was furnished by Chadwick's full orchestra of six pieces and was a very pleasant social event.

On Friday evening a vaudeville entertainment under the auspices of St. Elizabeth's Aid Society was given in which much of the best talent of Smethport took part and every one of the ten numbers were unusually pleasing. This performance was exceptionally well presented and was far better than a majority of the professional productions given here. We do not say this because it is the custom of newspapers to puff local talent but because it is an actual fact. Space forbids our giving the deserved notice **to each individual act.**

Saturday's entertainment consisted of a clam chowder supper served in the basement of the church under the personal supervision of P. S. Curran, and the fact that Mr. Curran had charge of this feast is ample assurance that everything was right and the attendance large.

Later in the evening a dance was given. Chadwick's orchestra furnishing music, which was largely attended. At the fancy work and candy booths were conducted on the nights dances were held, and they were well patronized.

SMALL FIRE AT LYCEUM

A Blaze Was Started in the Scenery Last Friday Night

A very serious fire in the Smethport Lyceum last Friday night was only averted by the prompt and courageous actions of several members of the home talent company which put on the performance for St. Elizabeth's church. As it is, Mrs. Fred H. Hungiville and Paul Denning have badly blistered hands, but otherwise no damage was done.

In the last number of the performance "sparklers" were to be used in the scene and when they were lighted they fell into some artificial roses before the curtain went up. A moment's delay meant a bad fire and Mrs. Hungiville and Mr. Denning took drastic means to prevent it which showed both courage and forethought on their parts.

With her hand badly burned Mrs. Hungiville went on with her part in the last number and scarcely anyone in the audience knew that anything unusual had happened.

WINTER TERM OF SCHOOL.

The winter term of the State Normal School at Clarion, Pa., will open January 3d. Tuition free to persons who intend to teach. The three main purposes of the school are the development of character, health and teaching ability. The influences which surround the students are such as would be found in the best Christian homes. The physical needs of students are given individual attention. A trained nurse is a member of the faculty and directs all matters pertaining to student health.

For further information address
HARRY M. SHAFER, Prin.
Clarion, Pa.
Adv.

Mrs. J. A. Holder will be glad to take your order for wool batts or wool filled comforters at her home on King Street, next to Baptist church. 2t-Adv

Take a trip to Japan at The Bissett Store this week. Adv.

COUNCIL MEETING

Regular December Session Held in City Building Monday Evening

The regular meeting for December of the Smethport borough council was held in the parlors of the hose house Monday evening and the usual routine business was transacted.

The meeting was called to order at 8:30 p. m., by President J. C. Backus and the following members were present: Backus, Brennan, Daly, Denning, Engstrom, Irons and Raymer.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read:

V. B. Bouton, retainer for Nov.	$12 50
C. E. Black, bridge on Mechanic street,	51.20
S. S. Fry, hauling fire engine	5.00
Daly & Garlick, hardware and mantles	29.92
T. H. Clark, plumbing	1.60
Holmes & Gilfillan, lumber, etc.,	41.62
C. Larson, team work	11.25
John Cramsie, St. Com for Nov.,	60.00
Frank McCarthy, police duty for November	60.00
S. Raymer, crossing	57.42
R. E. Burdick, expenses of bell expert	53.27

Moved by Denning and seconded by Brennan that bills as read be paid. Carried.

A letter from M. J. Dill, relative to making plans for a disposal plant was read.

A letter from the borough attorney, in which he stated that in his opinion the borough was not liable for the Mrs. Mary L. Bisset and Mrs. Sarah Armstrong bills referred to him at last meeting and that in his opinion the cost of filing a lien for sidewalk on Evans property would be more than the value of the property, was read.

The president stated that he had placed an order for 200 samples wood fibre mantles for trial on street lamps.

John Cramsie reported $3 received from A. B. Armstrong for hauling away rubbish.

The secretary reported $4.33 received from Mrs. James McGuire for alley crossing.

Moved by Daly and seconded by Irons that an order for $100.08 be drawn in favor of Smethport Firemen's Relief Association, the amount due from foreign insurance. Carried.

Moved by Irons and seconded by Raymer that the borough attorney be requested to attend meetings of the council. Carried.

A committee from the Smethport Fire Department was present and asked that the department be allowed the entire appropriation of $300.00.

The meeting adjourned at 10:10 p. m.

POMONA GRANGE MEETING

Officers Elected at Meeting Held in Eldred Yesterday

At the regular meeting of Pomona Grange held in Eldred yesterday the following officers were elected:

Master—A. T. Larson, Kane.
Overseer—E. A. Studholm, Smethport.
Steward—Clarence Tubbs, Turtle Point.
Assistant Steward—Frank Hackett, Farmers Valley.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Ray Mosier, Farmers Valley.
Lecturer—Mrs. Mary D. Howden Coryville.
Treasurer—L. J. White, Ceres.
Chaplin—Mrs. John Goding, Port Allegany.
Flora—Ray Simar, Turtle Point.
Ceres—Mrs. C. J. Carey, Eldred.
Pomona—Mrs. H. B. Dennis, Rixford.
Executive Committee—E. A. Studholm, Smethport; Frank Harmon, Turtle Point; C. J. Carey, Eldred; Charles Lilly, Port Allegany; James Bray, Farmers Valley; H. J. Rice, Coryville; Frank Hackett, Farmers Valley.
County Deputies—H. J. Rice, Coryville; Frank Harmon, Turtle Point.
Secretary—H. D. Otto, Farmers Valley.

At this meeting the dues in Pomona Grange were raised from 20 cents to 80 cents per year.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

We carry the best line of chocolates for the least price of anybody in town. We alone carry a complete line of Lowney's Chocolates and all kinds of Christmas boxes and trimmings. Just received a fresh line of hand made candy running from 10c a lb. up. JAMES NAHARA, Smethport, Pa. Ad.

Oleomargarine for sale at Mrs. P. H. McAbons, East Smethport. tf-Adv

CIVIL COURT NEWS

Mina McCord and Father Get Verdict of $4,000 Against Otto Township

Civil court convened on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Judge Perry of Wyoming county is assisting Judge Bouton and a double court is being held. The following cases have been disposed of:

The case of the Borough of Kane against John E. Fitzmaurice and Dennis F. Curley was settled before coming to trial.

A compulsory non-suit was granted by Judge Perry in the case of Christine Hultman against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company after the evidence of the plaintiff had been heard. This is the case in which Mrs. Hultman's husband, an engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad was killed at Kane by running through an open switch that he did not know was there.

In the case of Mina McCord, by her father J. Truman McCord, and J. Truman McCord in his own right, vs. Otto township, the jury awarded Mina McCord a verdict of $3,500 and J. Truman McCord $500.

A verdict for the defendant was given in the case of J. J. Pearson vs. Helen Willis.

In the case of Gust Isaacson vs. Andrew Isaacson a verdict for the defendant was rendered.

The case of T. F. Mullin vs. E. T. Wedell was non-suited.

The case of A. E. Stickles vs. S. H. Elder was settled out of court. The cases of J. W. Milligan vs. George Allen, Jr., and Alice Allen; John H. Miller vs. Mary Miller, defendant, Andrew Douglas, garnishee; C. W. Blakeslee vs. Township of Keating; Debbie Case Platts vs. W. R. Case & Sons Cutlery Company, and Potter Gas Company vs. Bradford Gas Company, E. L. Whitney were continued.

The cases of J. C. James vs. D. M. James, E. B. James, H. J. James and D. W. James, and Alice Allen vs. City of Bradford are on trial today.

DEATH OF W. A. VAN DYKE.

Young Man Sustained an Injury to His Spine Eight Years Ago—The Funeral

Winfield A. Van Dyke, aged 29 years died at the home of his mother, Mrs. M. J. Van Dyke, at No. 19 Congress place, Tuesday morning at 9:15 o'clock. His death was the result of injuries which he sustained eight years ago when he fell from an oil tank at Neodesha, Kansas, while in the employ of an oil company. His spine was injured.

Mr. Van Dyke was a member of the Church of the Ascension and was a young man of many excellent qualities.

Besides his mother, he leaves three brothers, the Rev. William E. Van Dyke, of Smethport; Frederick J. Van Dyke and L. Mortimer Van Dyke, both of Olean; and one sister, Mrs. H. M. Campbell, of Tunesassa, N. Y.

The funeral services will be held at the house Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, the Rev. W. H. Overs, Ph. D. rector of the Church of the Ascension, officiating. Interment at Oak Hill.—Bradford Era.

FARM FOR SALE

Contains 120 acres of land about 80 acres cultivated, balance in pasture and timber—hickory, chestnut, oak, etc. Good sugar bush and orchard; well watered by living springs. Located in Farmers Valley, 5 miles from Smethport, 1 mile from Penna and ½ miles from Shawmut R. R. stations, ¼ mile from store, ¼ mile from church and school, on R. F. D. and telephone lines. Known as the S. P. Beckwith farm now owned by Mrs. L. Steinhauer.

Eleven room house with cellar, a large gable roof barn with basement, tool house, pig and hen houses. Water led to barn. Gas and water in house. Wire fences.

Price $3500. Part down, balance in easy payments. For further particulars write or call at premises or inquire of W. B. Hopper, Smethport, Pa.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadilac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of
BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
Adv. Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

A PUBLIC LETTER

Expenses of Washington Party County Committee in McKean County

Believing that the general public should be informed how money is spent for political purposes, we submit for consideration the following condensed report of the contributions to and expenditures by the executive committee of the Washington party for McKean county in the recent political campaign. The detailed account, showing to whom, in what amounts and for what purposes disbursements were made by the committee, may be found filed with proper vouchers according to law in the office of the Clerk of Quarter Sessions at Smethport.

REPORT

To rec'd from Chas E. Patton, candidate for Congress	$250.00
E. F. Knight, candidate for state assembly	50.00
H. H. Redfield, candidate for state assembly	150.00
James G. Covey, candidate for state senate	50.00
Total Receipts	$500.00
By paid, Auto driving and hall rent for meetings	$ 90.00
Speakers' expenses, hotel and travel	40.07
Music and advertising for public meetings	59.82
Printing, postage, express and T. R. buttons	31.99
Nothry's fees, typewriting and livery rig	10.00
Telephone, telegraph and messenger service	25.00
Railroad travel and hotels (chairman)	33 04
Total Expenditures	$289.92
Balance of unexpended contributions	$210.08
Proportionate refund returned to Chas. E. Patton	$100.00
Proportionate refund returned to H. H. Redfield	60.00
Proportionate refund returned to E. F. Knight,	20.00
Proportionate refund returned to James G. Covey	20.00
Total returned	$200.00
Balance left in hands of the treasurer	$ 10.08

The committee trusts that its course pursued in the above matters will meet with the approval of the voters of the county, and desires to thank all those who assisted so willingly and effectively in carrying on the necessary work.

E. H. FRENCH, Treas.
GUY B. MAYO, Chairman.

KILLED TWO CUBS

Kane Hunters Have a Lively Time While Hunting for Small Game.

Tuesday's Republican says: Early yesterday morning George L. Baulmer and P. Roach, of this place, started out for a hunt, and went in the direction of Wetmore, west of Kane, in quest of small game, although they had several shells with them that were heavily loaded with buckshot which was meant to bring down a bear or a buck if either crossed their path.

They had not hunted more than two hours, and were about one mile and a half west of Wetmore, and in the thick woods lying between that place and the Kinzua road, known as Mudlick, when their dog which was working only a few feet ahead of them got a scent that lead them within a few feet of an upturned tree, in front of which were several other logs that had fallen promiscuously there. The dog began to bark, and while the hunters were prepared to shoot something out of the ordinary, they did not expect to kill any bears. But in the twinkling of an eye, out rushed an old bear followed by four cubs. The hunters opened fire on the old bear with nothing more than a number 7½ shot, but she stood the test and got away, although badly wounded, as the hunters followed the trail for a mile and a half after they succeeded in killing two of the cubs.

The men are very much pleased with their day's hunt and the cubs, which weigh about 60 pounds apiece, are on exhibition at the Kane House where they attract much attention.

"ESTRAY"

A dark yearling stead colt with white spot on rump left of tail. Any information will be rewarded by J. L. Ovitt, Farmers Valley, Pa. Adv-tf.

STULL—KERSHNER NUPTIALS

Well-Known Young People Married on Thanksgiving Day.

Port Allegany Reporter gives the following account of the wedding:

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Willis Kershner, former Port Allegany residents at their home on Sixth street, Olean, yesterday at half past five o'clock, when their daughter, Grace Winnifred became the bride of Samuel Beckwith Stull, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull of Portville, former McKean county residents.

Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Kershner and the bride in the parlor before a pretty screen of ground pine and chrysanthemums. At the appointed hour the wedding party took its place and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mark Kelly of the First Methodist church, of Olean. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Wilma Kershner, a teacher in the Port Allegany high school while Mr. Glenn Stull, of Portville, attended his brother, the groom, as best man.

The bride wore a yellow chiffon over a yellow silk poplin and carried a bouquet of yellow roses, while her attendant, Miss Kershner was very tastily gowned in dainty French crepe with trimmings of shadow lace and satin puffing, and carried an arm bouquet of bride's roses. Pretty young girls assisted in serving. The bride's gifts to the young women who assisted were heart shaped amethyst pendants. To her maid she gave a gold pendant set with amethysts. Mr. and Mrs. Stull left on the evening train for Washington, D. C., and other southern points. After December 31st, they will be at home at Farmers' Valley, where the groom is engaged in business, and where he has a home furnished for his bride.

The bride is a favorite in the younger social set in Olean. She is a talented violinist, recently completing a course at Indiana Conservatory of Music, and was the honor guest at a number of pre-nuptial events. Among them are a dinner given by Miss Betty, at Hotel Holley, Bradford; a variety shower given by Miss Rose Raimond, a kitchen shower by Miss Mary Utter, a linen shower by the Misses Edith and Ethel Hill, a luncheon by Miss Tilda Kershner and Miss Wilmer Kershner at Port Allegany, and a basket shower given by Miss Margaret Douds.

Among the out of town guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull, the Misses Letha and Frances Stull, Miss Sue Carr, Robert Lindsey, Hoyt Holcomb, Lee Langworthy, Paul Lewis, John Metcalf of Portville; Mrs. C. Kershner, Miss Tilda Kershner of Port Allegany; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Richmond, of Elmira; Mr. and Mrs F. L. Rhodes and Miss Helen Dalby of Naugatuck, Conn., and Eugene Kershner of Buffalo.

MT. JEWETT HERALD SOLD

Tom M. McClellan Sells to George B. Whitehill, of Hazelhurst.

Tom M. McClellan has sold the Mt. Jewett Herald to George B. Whitehill, who took full control of that well-known paper this week.

For almost 19 years Mr. McClellan has conducted the Herald and he has done so in an open, fearless manner. He has boosted those things he considered right with all his energy and at the same time he has attacked men and enterprises that did not meet his standard of right with in the same aggressive way—making firm friends and just as firm enemies, but on the whole he has done a great deal of good and his friends outnumber his enemies. Personally The Miner and Herald have always been good friends and we wish him the best of success, wherever he may locate.

Mr. Whitehill is a former editor, who of late has been teaching school in Hazelhurst for some time past, and our acquaintance with him, gives us the assurance that the Herald has gone into good hands and we wish him success in this new venture.

—Hand-Painted China—

Just received an elegant display of G. G. Rhoder's, hand-decorated china. All cordially invited to call and inspect their fine line. MRS. M. W. HEINLEIN, Main street. 1t-Adv.

—TREE AGENT wanted to cover McKean county or travel. Good time now to tart. Pay weekly. Write us for terms. PERRY NURSERIES, Rochester, N. Y. pd-Adv.-1t

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It Reversed a Plot That Failed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazing fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room replanning the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pouted Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully.

"Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I went to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head bent more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her careless remark.

"Come, Lena; put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell there came an interruption to the plans. A maidservant tripped down the wide, curving stairway with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head, "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the rooms awhile ago."

Miss Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note, because it's signed and"— The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure.

"Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impertinence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the gardener and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended dramatically.

"Open it, goosie, and then come outdoors," advised Lena impatiently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly untwisted the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It ran thus:

Darling (here was a huge black blot that obliterated the name)—There is something I must tell you before I go. Will you not be reading in the library a half hour before dinner? Devotedly. LANG.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a silky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger archly at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with excitement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "By by, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodby," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wove delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarreling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost blighted thing in the garden for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overflow her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warned them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm, crimson satin gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their hunting expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face. Lena, dazzling in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curls at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here."

The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rosy veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stopped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as waxen as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately chose a brilliant scarlet poinsettia blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert in to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited vain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set or that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table. Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly, when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodby, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning!" called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all parted at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia overheard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that early train, too, Lang? You said you were leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town"— But Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodby to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappiest girl in the world—if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's woebegone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away, intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl that Langford Dale loved consoled the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia:"

And the blot on Felicia's happy Thanksgiving day was washed out.

CHRISTMAS BY INJUNCTION

How Cherokee Played Santa Claus at Yellowhammer

By O. HENRY

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Cherokee was the civic father of Yellowhammer. Yellowhammer was a new mining town constructed mainly of canvas and undressed pine. Cherokee was a prospector. One day while his burro was eating quartz and pine burrs Cherokee turned up with his pick a nugget weighing thirty ounces. He staked his claim and then, being a man of breadth and hospitality, sent out invitations to his friends in three states to drop in and share his luck.

Not one of the invited guests sent regrets.

When a thousand citizens had arrived and taken up claims they named the town Yellowhammer, appointed a vigilance committee and, presented Cherokee with a watch chain made of nuggets.

Three hours after the presentation ceremonies Cherokee's claim played out. He had located a pocket instead of a vein. He abandoned it and staked others one by one. Luck had kissed her hand to him. Never afterward did he turn up enough dust in Yellowhammer to pay his bar bill. But his thousand invited guests were mostly prospering, and Cherokee smiled and congratulated them.

Yellowhammer was made up of men who took off their hats to a smiling loser, so they invited Cherokee to say what he wanted.

"Me?" said Cherokee. "Oh, grub stakes will be about the thing. I reckon I'll prospect along up in the Mariposas."

In May Cherokee packed his burro and turned its thoughtful, mouse colored forehead to the north.

On the 20th day of December Baldy, the mail rider, brought Yellowhammer a piece of news.

"What do I see in Albuquerque," said Baldy to the patrons of the bar, "but Cherokee all embellished and festooned up like the czar of Turkey and lavishin' money in bulk."

"Cherokee must have struck pay ore," remarked California Ed. "Well, he's white. I'm much obliged to him for his success."

"Seems like Cherokee would rumble down to Yellowhammer and see his friends," said another slightly aggrieved. "But that's the way. Prosperity is the finest cure there is for lost for getfulness."

"You wait," said Baldy. "I'm comin to that. Cherokee strikes a three foot vein up in the Mariposas that assays a trip to Europe to the ton, and he closes it out to a syndicate outfit for 100,000 hasty dollars in cash. Then he buys himself a loby sealskin overcoat and a red sleigh. And what do you think he takes it in his head to do next?"

"Bought a saloon," suggested Thirsty Rogers.

"Cherokee took me to a room," continued Baldy, "and showed me. He's got that room full of drums and dolls and skates and bags of candy and jumping jacks and toy lambs and whistles and such infantile truck. And what do you think he's goin' to do with them inefficacious knickknacks. Don't surmise none. Cherokee told me. He's goin' to load 'em up in his red sleigh, and—wait a minute, don't order no drinks yet—he's goin' to drive down here to Yellowhammer and give the kids—the kids of this here town—the biggest Christmas tree and the biggest cryin' doll and little giant boys' tool chest blowout that was ever seen west of Cape Hatteras."

"Didn't you tell him?" asked the miner called Trinidad.

"Well, no," answered Baldy pensively, "I never exactly seen my way to."

"I cannot refrain from a certain amount of surprise," said the judge as he hung his ivory handled cane on the bar, "that our friend Cherokee should possess such an erroneous conception of—ah—his as it were, own town."

"Oh, it ain't the eighth wonder of the terrestrial world," said Baldy. "Cherokee's been gone from Yellowhammer over seven months. Lots of things could happen in that time. How's he to know that there ain't a single kid in this town?"

"To top off this Christmas tree splurge of Cherokee's," went on Baldy, "he's goin' to give an imitation of Santa Claus."

"When does Cherokee allow to come over with his truck?" asked Trinidad.

"Mornin' before Christmas," said Baldy. "And he wants you folks to have a room fixed up and a tree hauled and ready."

Of women there were five in Yellowhammer—the assayer's wife, the proprietress of the Lucky Strike hotel and a laundress whose washtub panned out an ounce of dust a day. These were the permanent feminines. There remaining two were the Spangler sisters, Misses Fanchon and Erma of the Transcontinental Comedy company, then playing in repertory at the Improvised Empire theater. But of children there were none.

Christmas would come on Thursday. On Tuesday morning Trinidad instead of going to work sought the judge at the Lucky Strike hotel.

"It'll be a disgrace to Yellowhammer," said Trinidad, "if it throws Cherokee down on his Christmas tree blow out. I'm goin' to hitch up a team and gentle a load of kids for Cherokee's Santa Claus act if I have to rob an orphan asylum."

"I will accompany you," declared the judge, waving his cane.

The first stop scheduled was at a double log house fifteen miles out from Yellowhammer. A man opened the door at Trinidad's hail and then came down and leaned upon the rickety gate. The doorway was filled with a close mass of youngsters, some ragged, all full of curiosity and health.

"It's this way," explained Trinidad. "We're from Yellowhammer, and we come kidnapin' in a gentle kind of a way. One of our leadin' citizens is stung with the Santa Claus affliction, and he's due in town tomorrow with half the foldarols that's painted red and made in Germany. The youngest kid we got in Yellowhammer packs a forty-five and a safety razor. Now, partner, if you'll loan us a few kids we guarantee to return 'em safe and sound on Christmas day."

"I understand," said the parent, packing his pipe with a forefinger. "I guess I needn't detain you gentlemen. Me and the old woman have got seven kids, so to speak, and, runnin' my mind over the bunch, I don't appear to bit upon none that we could spare for you to take over to your doin's."

Down the slope they drove and up another foothill to the ranch house of Wiley Wilson. Trinidad recited his appeal, and the judge boomed out his ponderous antiphony. Mrs. Wiley gathered her two rosy cheeked youngsters close to her skirts and did not smile until she had seen Wiley laugh and shake his head. Again a refusal.

The sun was low when the wife of a section boss on a lonely railroad budded her unavailable progeny behind her and said:

"There's a woman that's just took charge of the railroad eatin' house down at Granite Junction. I hear she's got a little boy. Maybe she might let him go."

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, LITTLE BOY," SAID CHEROKEE.

Trinidad pulled up his mules at Granite Junction at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

On the steps of the eating house they found a thin and glowering boy of ten smoking a cigarette. A youngish woman reclined exhausted in a chair. Her face wore sharp lines of worry. She had once possessed a certain style of beauty that would never wholly leave her and would never wholly return. Trinidad set forth his mission.

"I'd count it a mercy if you'd take Bobby for awhile," she said wearily. "I'm on the go from morning till night, and I don't have time to 'tend to him. He's learning bad habits from the men. It'll be the only chance he'll have to get any Christmas."

The men went outside and conferred with Bobby. Trinidad pictured the glories of the Christmas tree and presents in lively colors.

"And, moreover, my young friend," added the judge, "Santa Claus himself will personally distribute the offerings."

"Aw, come off," said the boy, squinting his small eyes. "I ain't no kid. There ain't any Santa Claus. It's your folks that buys toys and sneaks 'em in when you're asleep."

"That might be so," argued Trinidad, "but Christmas trees ain't no fairy tale. This one's goin' to look like the ten cent store in Albuquerque all strung up in a redwood. There's tops and drums and Noah's arks and"—

"Oh, rats!" said Bobby wearily. "I cut them out long ago. I'd like to have a rifle—not a target one—a real one, to shoot wildcats with, but I guess you won't have any of them on your old tree."

"Well, I can't say for sure," said Trinidad diplomatically. "It might be. You go along with us and see."

The hope thus held out, though faint, won the boy's hesitating consent to go.

In Yellowhammer the empty storeroom had been transformed into what might have passed as the bower of an Arizona fairy. The ladies had done their work well. A tall Christmas tree, covered to the topmost branch with candles, spangles and toys sufficient for more than a score of children, stood in the center of the floor. Near sunset anxious eyes had begun to scan the street for the returning team of the child providers. At noon that day Cherokee had dashed into town with his new sleigh piled high with bundles and boxes and bales of all sizes and shapes. So intent was he upon the arrangements for his altruistic plans that the dearth of childhood did not receive his notice.

When the sun went down Cherokee, with many winks and arch grins on his flushed face, went into retirement with the bundle containing the Santa Claus raiment, and a pack containing whisky and undisclosed gifts.

"When the kids are rounded up," he instructed the volunteer arrangement committee, "light up the candles on the tree and set 'em to playin' 'pums wants a corner' and 'King William.' When they get good at it, why, old Santa'll slide in the door. I reckon there'll be plenty of gifts to go round."

The ladies were flitting about the tree, giving it final touches that were never final. Every minute heads would pop out the door to look and listen for the approach of Trinidad's team.

At length the wagon of the child "rustlers" rattled down the street to the door. The ladies, with little screams of excitement flew to the lighting of the candles. The men of Yellowhammer passed in and out restlessly or stood about the room in embarrassed groups.

Trinidad and the judge, bearing the marks of protracted travel, entered conducting between them a single Irish boy, who stared with sullen pessimistic eyes at the gaudy tree.

"Where are the other children?" asked the assayer's wife, the acknowledged leader of all social functions.

"Ma'am," said Trinidad with a sigh, "prospectin' for kids at Christmas time is like huntin' in limestone for silver. This here young biped, ma'am, is all that washes out of our two days' numenvers."

Then the door opened and Cherokee entered in the conventional dress of St. Nick. A white, rippling beard and flowing hair covered his face almost to his dark and shining eyes. Over his shoulder he carried a pack.

No one stirred as he came in. Bobby stood with his hands in his pockets gazing gloomily at the effeminate and childish tree. Cherokee put down his pack and looked wonderingly about the room. Perhaps he fancied that a bevy of eager children were being herded somewhere to be loosed upon his entrance. He went up to Bobby and extended his red mittened hand.

"Merry Christmas, little boy," said Cherokee. "Anything on the tree you want they'll get it down for you. Won't you shake hands with Santa Claus?"

"There ain't any Santa Claus," whined the boy. "You've got old false billy goat's whiskers on your face. I ain't no kid. What do I want with dolls and tin horses? The driver said you'd have a rifle, and you haven't. I want to go home."

Trinidad stepped into the breach. He shook Cherokee's hand in warm greeting.

"I'm sorry, Cherokee," he explained. "There never was a kid in Yellowhammer. We tried to rustle a bunch of 'em for your swaree, but this sardine was all we could catch. He's a atheist, and he don't believe in Santa Claus. It's a shame for you to be out all this truck. But me and the judge was sure we could round up a wagonful of canull dates for your gimcracks."

"That's all right," said Cherokee gravely. "The expense don't amount to nothin' worth mentionin'."

Bobby had retreated to a distant chair and was coldly regarding the scene with ennui plastered thick upon him. Cherokee, lingering with his original idea, went over and sat beside him.

"Where do you live, little boy?" he asked respectfully.

"Granite Junction," said Bobby without emphasis.

The room was warm. Cherokee took off his cap and then removed his beard and wig.

"Say," exclaimed Bobby, with a show of interest, "I know your mug, all right."

"Did you ever see me before?" asked Cherokee.

"I don't know, but I've seen your picture lots of times."

"Where?"

The boy hesitated. "On the bureau at home," he answered.

"Let's have your name, if you please, Buddy."

"Robert Lumsden. The picture belongs to my mother. She puts it under her pillow of nights. And once I saw her kiss it. I wouldn't. But women are that way."

Cherokee rose and beckoned to Trinidad.

"Keep this boy by you till I come back," he said. "I'm goin' to shed these Christmas duds and hitch up my sleigh. I'm goin' to take this kid home."

Cherokee drove his sleigh to the door, and they lifted Bobby in beside him. The team of fine horses sprang away prancingly over the hard snow. Cherokee had on his $500 overcoat of baby sealskin. The lap robe that he drew about them was as warm as velvet.

Bobby slipped a cigarette from his pocket and was trying to snap a match.

"Throw that cigarette away," said Cherokee in a quiet but new voice.

Bobby hesitated and then dropped the cylinder overboard.

"Throw the box, too," commanded the new voice.

More reluctantly the boy obeyed.

"Say," said Bobby presently, "I like you. I don't know why. Nobody never made me do anything I didn't want to do before."

"Tell me, kid," said Cherokee, not using his new voice, "are you sure your mother kissed that picture that looks like me?"

"Dead sure. I seen her do it."

"Didn't you remark something awhile ago about wanting a rifle?"

"You bet I did. Will you get me one?"

"Tomorrow—silver mounted."

Cherokee took out his watch.

"Half past 9. We'll hit the Junction plumb on time with Christmas day. Are you cold? Sit closer, son."

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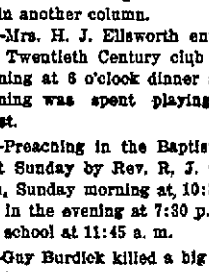

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All good Grocers sell it or will get it for you.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Now is the time to do your Christmas shopping.

—H. C. Wells is confined to his home by illness.

—Sleds are advertised by Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—L. Steinhaurer offers his farm for sale. See advertisement.

—Masser & Gregory are advertising Christmas goods in their space this week.

—Miss Mary Amster, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is improving rapidly.

—Fry & Comes have a new Christmas advertisement in this issue which will interest everybody.

—The deer hunting season closed last Saturday. Few deer were killed in this section this year.

—The Smethport Basket Ball Team has commenced practicing and is said to be making a good showing.

—Curiosity not satisfied leads to a whole lot of the discontent some people express with the world.

—Mrs. L. K. Hogarth entertained the Bridge Whist Club and other ladies at her home on King street Tuesday afternoon.

—The man who knows his neighbor's affairs best, often has least knowledge of how many eggs his chicken coops afford each day.

—A Xmas gift of real merit, "Walk-Over Shoes" are advertised by Monheimer. For real good news read his ad in another column.

—Mrs. H. J. Ellsworth entertained the Twentieth Century club Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock dinner and the evening was spent playing bridge whist.

—Preaching in the Baptist church next Sunday by Rev. R. J. Cunningham, Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., and in the evening at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

—Guy Burdick killed a big buck on the head waters of Potato creek on Saturday of last week. It was a five-prong beauty of the forest and his friends are feasting on venison this week.

—The annual Christmas market and chicken supper of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will be held at the chapel on the afternoon and evening of Dec. 12. The sale begins at 3 o'clock. Supper at 5:30, price 25c.

—Yesterday's Era says: At midnight the deep well at Derrick City was down 4,387 feet and the formation showed little change. The new electric lighting plant hasa been installed and the motor is working well

—The fair and supper given by the guild of St. Lukes' church at the parish house last evening was a decided success in every way The attendance was large and a goodly sum was netted by the ladies

—The body of the man which was found on last Thursday morning along the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh tracks near Carman and which was removed to the VanAken undertaking rooms in this place was identified as that of John Nelson. As no relatives could be found and no claim made for the body the remains were buried at this place on Monday. —Elk County Democrat.

—About 5 o'clock last evening a man named Bell Toner, married and residing at Emporium, attempted to board a freight train about a mile west of Emporium. He was not only a trespasser on the company property but was under the influence of liquor. He missed his footing and fell under the train, his right leg being taken off near the thigh and his left leg near the knee. He died about 7 o'clock last night, says last night's Kane Republican.

—While attempting to rescue a 3-year-old boy who had fallen through the ice on Glady Fork River, near Elkins, W. Va., Carl Erickson, aged 6, son of Fred Erickson, proprietor of a hotel at Evanwood, where the accident occurred, was drowned. The smaller boy managed to cling to the ice for several minutes and was rescued. The remains of the little hero will be interred at his old home in Kane, Pa.

—A tiny fragment of bone, a splinter from a splintered leg, killed 16-year-old George W. Hayes, when it touched his heart, according to physicians at the Children's Homeopathic Hospital at Philadelphia. According to physicians the boy was injured in a football game on Nov. 11. He was taken to the hospital with a broken leg The break was apparently healing well when the boy complained of pains in the heart. He died Nov. 27, and the physicians learned that a small piece of bone had been carried through the veins to the heart. It lodged there and caused his death.

—Ethel Smith, for whom the life of Billy Rugh, Gary's heroic newsboy, was sacrificed that she might recover from burns suffered in a motorcycle accident, left the hospital this afternoon and returned to her home. Her life was despaired of until crippled Billy Rugh offered to go to the operating table and furnish the live tissue necessary to save her. The skin grafting restored the girl to health, but Rugh died from pneumonia, the result of the amputation of his crippled leg. "I wish Billy could have lived," said Miss Smith as she left the hospital.

—The sale is on: In New York City it is expected that ten million RED CROSS SEALS will be sold during the month of December. In Buffalo a meeting was held in the Hotel Statler on Monday December 2nd, thepurpose of the meeting to arouse interest to the extent of selling two million seals. No matter whether the city be large or small the fight against tuberculosis is just as important one place as another. Every life that is sacrificed from tuberculosis is dear to someone Nobody knows who is next. BUY RED CROSS SEALS for money raised helps support Bon Air Sanatorium.

—A "magic dollar" which has the property of returning to its owner as soon as spent, is, according to the police, George A. Pupausky's solution of the high cost of living problem. Pupausky, recently released from prison for defrauding Russian immigrants was in court today, charged with a new swindle in which he got $100 Hearing was deferred. Pupausky is said to have sold his "magic dollars" at $10 each in Chicago. Inasmuch as the coin resembled an old-fashioned copper more than a dollar, the alleged swindler's promise that it would return to the owner as soon as spent was invariably made good promptly, according to complaining witnesses

OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

Napoleon and the Causes That Led Up to Waterloo.

In one way Napoleon possessed a defect similar to that of Frederick the Great. He provided no adequate staff to relieve himself of details.

It is likely that his intense desire to stand alone, in order to receive all the credit for what was done was the secret of his action.

Although undoubtedly the greatest military genius that ever lived, he overreached himself. This is shown in a single enterprise like the Russian campaign, but it is shown in the life as a whole. He could probably have accomplished the anomaly, with the mercurial French, of founding a personal dynasty upon the French revolution which beheaded royalty and announced the rights of man, but when he attempted to remake the map of Europe he reckoned beyond his power.

He realized that the armies of the republic had been animated by a passion for liberty, equality and fraternity, but he could not understand that his aggressions upon other countries deprived his armies of this moral force and implanted it in his enemies and that no skill in strategy and tactics could long withstand it. He would not permit a group of great administrators and military leaders to share his honors and form around him a cabinet which might have protected him against himself. And so he plunged forward, unadvised and talking of his star and destiny to his Waterloo—Edward D. Jones in Engineering Magazine.

BOILING WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It's Just Right For a Nice Bath.

Water is a fluid simply because its particles, which may be compared to an aggregation of infinitesimal pearls, are kept separated by latent heat. Outside heat applied to a vessel containing water causes the latent and applied heat both to act on the air contained in the water. Under such conditions pure water at sea level will boil at a temperature of 212 degrees F. if the barometer pressure be thirty inches

If, however, the vessel containing this same water be carried to the top of a high mountain or put under the exhausted receiver of an air pump it will boil before it reaches the temperature of 212, because the atmosphere has been taken away so as to allow the air contained in the water to escape before it becomes sufficiently heated to impart that quality to the loose particles of water surrounding it. At a height of 18,000 feet on the sides of the Himalaya mountains water boils at a temperature of 180 degrees and under the exhausted receiver of the air pump at only 72 degrees.

This proves that boiling water is not always equally hot. It also tells us why it is next to impossible to cook meat, vegetables, etc., in high altitudes by the boiling process.—London Saturday Review.

Good Razors Possible.

There is a very common feeling that there is a certain element of chance in the purchase of a razor. It is sometimes expressed that "whatever price you pay you try your luck." Occasionally one hears of a remarkable razor which holds its edge as if by magic, giving pleasure to its owner every day for half a lifetime, so that he would not part with it for guineas. So long as it is possible for one razor to be selected as a particularly good one it is evident that the hardening as carried out fails to impart the maximum efficiency to the majority. The author believes that it is possible to harden every razor in a gross so that each one shall be truly a duplicate of the best. Whether it would pay to do so is a question which is outside his province. —Shipley N. Brayshaw in Engineering Magazine.

SAVING PLATINUM

A Little Drama Enacted In Uncle Sam's Assay Offices.

SCIENCE IN THE STAR ROLE.

Highbrow Professors Filled Up the Cast, and, With Acids and Pyrolapse Metals as Stage Properties, They Scored a Brilliant Success.

Even the United States government has become possessed of the present day fever to eliminate any waste and stop leaks in the methods of doing things. The results, particularly in the mints and assay offices, have been remarkable.

For instance, the old method of extracting gold from baser metals when it came from the mint consisted merely of treating the smelter bars of gold with nitric acid, which dissolved out the baser metals, leaving the gold with a small percentage of impurities that could be removed by fusing with niter

Germany went the United States one better in this. The professors over there, men whose genius for scientific detail is unsurpassed by those of any other nation, perfected a process for refining by electricity. Simply stated, it is nothing more nor less than electric plating. The smelter bars are placed in the plating bath, and the gold is deposited in an absolutely pure state, leaving the base metals behind in solution

It was this residue that interested the high brow professors. The fact that platinum is frequently found with gold has been recognized ever since the science of metallurgy was in swaddling clothes; also the fact that gold and platinum have one quality in common—i. e., that no single acid known will dissolve them. It takes a combination of nitric and muriatic acids to get either of these two metals in solution. Silver, on the other hand, is readily soluble in nitric acid. No one ever thought of testing a nitric acid solution of silver for the presence of platinum because of the theory, sound as religion, that platinum could not be dissolved by nitric acid. Therefore, it was argued, if there wasn't enough silver in the solution to make it worth while to extract it, then, of course, there could not be any platinum, so into the sewer it went.

The professors began to experiment. At the first step they uncovered the dusky gentleman in the wood pile. They discovered a curious fact—namely, that, while platinum alone was not soluble in nitric acid, some of its alloys with silver were soluble. For instance, a composition of 5 per cent platinum in silver is readily soluble Right there was the clew leading to the discovery that for years out of memory untold quantities of the precious metal, essential above all others in electrical manufactures, had been running into the sewer. All solutions were carefully tested. Salts of iron were added, precipitates supposedly of silver were analyzed, and since then platinum at the rate of $5,000 a month has been offered for sale by Uncle Sam.

It is interesting to trace the sources of this gold in that the facts suggest that sooner or later deposits of platinum in large quantities are going to be found. Little of the gold coming from the western United states and Alaska contains platinum. It is found almost entirely in the gold mined in Mexico and South America Gold from these districts is coming in larger quantities year after year. It is found, for instance, in what is popularly known as Guinea gold. Guinea gold has a peculiar luster all its own. It is highly prized in the jewelry trade for this same peculiar color

There are vast reaches of wilderness in South America that, filled with miasmic swamps and lurid savages armed with poisoned arrows, have so far resisted the advance of the white man. It seems not too much to expect that sooner or later, when these districts are exploited, platinum in large quantities will be discovered. Some Bret Harte is probably a borning now to sing the romance of Platinum gulch. The romance of gold is founded on the material consideration of $20.67 an ounce, which the governments of the earth have decreed must be its price now and for evermore. They will have to build a second story extension on the romance of the metal that is worth twice as much as gold.

Now that Uncle Sam is finding this mine of platinum in the supposedly unalloyed bars that the big refining companies are sending in from their smelters, the interesting question is arising, Who owns the platinum, Uncle Sam or the refineries? Uncle Sam bought their gold, refined it for them at cost and paid them dollar for dollar out of his pocket. Actually he was out on the transaction. Now that he has stopped the leak in his drainpipe, he is a little ahead.

Naturally, if one can play at a game two can play at the same game. Some of the bigger smelter companies, whose output is sufficient, have undertaken the task of recovering this platinum themselves. If Uncle Sam can help out his payroll with platinum residues there is no reason why a privately conducted smelter cannot do the same thing. So the electrical method of refining is coming more and more into use, and the highbrow professors in the mints who have been searching for platinum have discovered that the smelter bars sent in for coinage are almost 100 per cent fine, without so much as a smell of platinum in them.—F. Irving Anderson in New York Tribune

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The best goods at reasonable prices.
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Everything in the Drug Line
BEST, PUREST AND MOST COMPLETE, PRICE RIGHT.
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Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
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WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Fall to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

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JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
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Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Local reading notices and legal advertising, 7½ cents per line for each insertion. Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 5, 1912.

The cost of conducting the Washington Party campaign in this county was $289.00, while the Democrats spent upwards of $3000.00.

Eleven people are dead and seven injured as the result of a Pennsylvania railroad wreck near Dresden, Ohio, Tuesday night. A Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley passenger train was following a Cleveland, Akron & Columbus division passengar on the single track between Trinway and Zanesville. The engine of the latter broke down and a trainman was sent to flag the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley train, but the latter was too close. The engine ploughed through the rear coach and completely demolished it. The dead and injured were all in this coach.

An empty headless slush barrel with "Star Titanic" branded on its side stands in the fish shed of Captain Eugene Coleman, who picked it up off Point Gannon, three miles from this port and a thousand miles from the place in the Atlantic where the White Star Liner sank seven months ago. The barrel is one of the few pieces of wreckage bearing the name of the Titanic to drift ashore. A Titanic life preserver was taken from the water of Monomoy Point last summer, and several fishermen have reported seeing other small objects marked with the steamer's name on them floating off the Massachusetts coast at various times.

In the recent political campaign in this country the spirit that animated Progressive conventions and meetings was frequently likened to religion. At the same time the Progressives were told on all sides that their ideals were too high; that the things they asked for were humanly impossible. There is an affinity between these two facts. And it is one of the most significant phases of the Progressive movement that its ideals are high and that they have not been fitted to expediency. That fact promises permanence, durability, indomitability. How much of them may be attained it is impossible to say. But there will be no taking down of them. The ideals are to remain. They are a high mark at which the spirit of American politics will aim. They are the star to which the national wagon is to be hitched. The Progressives might have made a program which would be easy of accomplishment. But they were moved by ideals. They set their mark at what ought to be done for humanity, not at what could be done with ease or certainty. And as piece by piece the program is attained, the ideal of absolute social and industrial justice will remain to keep alive the new instruments as their need becomes apparent, enforcing new methods as they are required for the furthering of the great ideal. The triumph of idealism in religion is to have its parallel, we believe, in the triumph of idealism in government exercised for the promotion of justice to the common man.—Philadelphia North American.

The Miner is in receipt of a letter from the chairman and treasurer of the Washington party county committee of McKean county, giving an accounting of the funds as received and disbursed during the campaign. This account shows receipts amounting to $500.00 and disbursements of $289.92. The committee has established, as can be seen by their report, published in another column, a unique precedent by returning a proportionate amount of the unused funds to the donors, which should be highly commended as it is in line with the progressive doctrines established by the new party. The real significance, however, of the account can be seen by comparing the accounts of the Democrats and Republicans that of the Democratic county committee being filed Monday with disbursements amounting to $2228.46, and receipts $2251.46 showing that the Democratic county committee expended almost nine times the amount of that spent by the new party in order to lose the county by more than 1200, while the Republicans, who have not as yet filed their statement with the Prothonotary poled only one third the vote of the new party—truly, times have changed, when a party less than four months old can carry a county with comparatively little money, with almost no organization and with the support of but two of the county papers.

It is unquestionably a sign of the times, a sign of a new order in politics, a real political supremacy, when we realize that two political parties of more than half a century of organization are defeated by a party made up largely of men who have not been active in politics in the past and who perform their services not only without thought of remuneration but at actual financial loss to themselves.

It appears to The Miner that this great movement is far past that of protest and has become a real political revolution, a revolution to reorganize political methods, placing the welfare of the nation above that of the party or the individual, it would seem, therefore, that all talk of Republican re-organization and rejuvenation will die aborning for any attempt must be made by those leaders who have sacrificed the party to their own selfishness and in whom the mass of the party have no confidence. These men must be eliminated if the Republican party is saved and the only power that can eliminate them is themselves. The operation necessary to preserve the party would be similar to a skilled surgeon cutting off the patient's head to save the body. We must always realize that it is much easier to make a new engine run successfully than it is to obtain successful results from a demolished old one, particularly if many of the parts are weakened by injudicious handling.

HARRY HEILMANN WRITES

An Interesting Letter From Central America to The Miner

Leon, Nicaragua, C. A.
Nov. 13, 1912.

Mr. Harry L. Backus:
Editor Miner:

I thought I would write a few lines to you, to let you and the people of Smethport know that I am still on earth, down in Central America in the jungles. I am on the Denver, we were ordered here to land our crew, with a couple of pieces of artillery to repair the railroads, which belong to some capitalists in the United States which the rebels had torn up.

This road runs from the coast to the city of Queselquequa, Central America. This order we all received with joy, where we could have real target practice and sure enough the second day out; we found a piece of track torn up. We started to repair it, when all of a sudden our out-pickets saw the rebels trying to ambush us. Then the fun began, the first round started with a heavy firing skirmish, which lasted a couple of hours and they skidooed into the bushes. We had five of our men wounded; thirty-seven rebels killed and fifteen wounded. This put us in first class trim.

Quite a ways further on we started to repair the tracks again, this is where the rebels were going to make good, with a big re-inforcement. But our officers were on to them, part of our command started for the left and we started up the track. Before we reached the torn track, the rebels fired on us from ambush and the real thing commenced; we went after them strong and drove them directly in front of our left flank, and then the real shooting began. Here is where we made good again, the rebels left on the field two hundred killed and how many wounded I could not say. None of our men received a scratch. This battle was at Leon, Nicaragua, C. A.

We went into camp and congratulated ourselves and had a good lunch. A fine one at that, for the Navy has the best in the land. We then went repairing again.

Next morning we broke camp and started for Queselquequa. Outside of this city we encountered the rebels so thick all around us, that we were hemmed in, and skirmish lines were run right and left. We drove them all day. On the outskirts of Queselquequa they made a stand, and the real thing opened up. We charged them right and left; with our sender taking the lead, we mowed them down This battle was the hardest I was ever in, but we plugged the lead to them. About sundown the rebels surrendered and here is where we made good again. The battle was over, in this battle we lost four men and several were wounded, while the rebels lost three hundred, seventy-three and an unknown number of wounded. We marched into the city of Queselquequa and took possession.

I have the honor of being the first American who hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the city of Queselquequa, with the help of a Central American called Leaon. Something which I feel proud of.

We then went in camp and had a good Navy feast, which always is a good one, and the while we were fighting a carrier came from the ship with the mail. Here is where I was hit and hit hard. I received a letter from Vallejo, California, stating that my wife had died while undergoing an operation.

The 24th of October we broke camp and started back for our ship to do patrol duty on the Mexican coast. Where we expect to give the greasers a call some time later, which is a duty we all enjoy.

Well, Harry, as I have given you a little of my experience down here in Central America, which I know the people in the states never hear the real thing, perhaps would enjoy reading. In our two months time, in the jungles I must say that The Miner of Smethport was greatly appreciated in our command, the only paper that reached us in two months. Most every man enjoyed reading it. The men want me to write you and let you know that your paper was appreciated by all. We are looking for one today. I will close this letter by wishing you and all good luck.

HARRY L. HEILMANN,
Coxswain Mate of U. S. S. Denver.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

Will Be Held in Various Cities on February 1st, 1913.

A United States civil service examination will be held at Dubois, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Erie, Pa. Sharon, Pa., Kittanning, Pa., Uniontown, Pa., Oil City, Pa., Warren, Pa., on February 1, 1913, to secure eligibles from which to make certification to fill vacancies in the positions of deputy collector, clerk, storekeeper, gauger and storekeeper-gauger in the twenty-third Internal Revenue District of Pennsylvania in the position of office deputy marshal, and in other first grade and clerical positions that require similar qualifications, as they may occur in the United States classified service in the city named or its vicinity.

Persons desiring information and an application blank for the positions named should at once apply to the secrtary, third civil service district, Post Office Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

No application will be accepted unless properly executed and filed in complete form with the district secretary prior to hour of closing business January 2, 1913.

A Genuine Comedian

Tommy Donnelly, "that phunny pheller" with John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels which comes to the Lyceum Theatre Thursday, Dec. 5, is a wonder. Mr. Donnelly is unique as a monologue artist, as he possesses a singing voice of much clarity and sweetness something very few in his special line of stage work enjoy.

He is as clever as the best and performs it with much more ease than any other performer in his line. He responds to his encores and exhausts his responses to the audience. Wherever Mr. Donnelly appears he wins a loyaal clientele. Adv.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending November 30th, 1912.

Anderson, Mr. A. E.
Anterson, Mrs. Mate.
Bundy, Miss Ethel.
Carlucia, Alle. Signor Conordo.
Cornell, Perry.
Goodrich, Mr. Frank.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

FALL MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK. Adv.

CASH PAID

for all kinds furs, ginsing, bees-wax, old rubber and all kinds of metals. 4t-Adv. C. H. Gleason.

WANTED

Boys at the Berney-Bond Glass factory. tf-Adv.

Williamson Commercial College

Winter term begins January 7. Thorough Business and Shorthand courses. Sixty-three calls received for office help during the Fall term. Write for catalogue. F. F. Healey, proprietor.

In Stripes.

Ex-Senator Penrose took his little granddaughter to the menagerie and when she saw the zebra she asked: "Grandpa, has that horse been in the penitentiary?"

Getting ready for Christmas?

You don't need to wait until the week before Christmas to select that Victor or Victor-Victrola.

Come in now and pick it out—we'll arrange to deliver it at any time you say.

There's a Victor at every price—$10 to $250. Easy terms to suit.

Burdick's Music Store
SMETHPORT, PA.

WANTED

All your Upholstering and Repairing of
OLD FURNITURE
Putting in new rounds, rockers, painting and paperhanging. Old frames made to look like new, in short, all kinds of painting and repairing done in the latest and most approved styles.
J. H. WILSON

WHY SHOULD I BUY My Clothing of Kleinhans Buffalo?

1st—Because their tremendous business gives them a big advantage in buying their goods, thus enabling them to save you from $2.50 to $5.00 on any garment you select.
2nd—Because owing to their large stocks they are able to carry every size and proportion in suits and overcoats, thus enabling you to get a perfect fit without delay.
3rd—Because they refund railroad fares 40 miles round trip on purchases of $25.00, and 80 miles round trip on purchases of $50.00; thus enabling you to visit them without expense.

The Kleinhans Co
Buffalo's Greatest Clothiers
Main, Clinton and Washington Sts.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
396-408 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Come to Buffalo at Our Expense

We will refund your round trip railroad fare if you live within 40 miles of Buffalo and purchase goods amounting to $25 or more; or if you live within 80 miles of Buffalo and purchase goods amounting to $50 or more.

This Offer holds good every day of the year.

All Purchases Delivered within 100 Miles, Free of Charge.

The Great December Sales are now in Progress. Shop in Buffalo's Leading Store and Save Money.

GOTHAM MODEL

You know that Regals look as a gentleman's shoes should look.

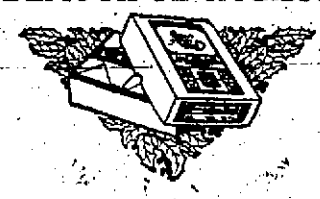
You have a pretty strong notion that they are well-built of good materials.
You have intended for a long time to give Regals a trial.
Then begin now with this GOTHAM MODEL.
Moderate heel and toe, roomy and comfortable—but Beau Brummel himself would be proud to wear it.

It will give the wear and satisfaction that have built Regal sales up into the millions.

Black Smooth King Calf Blucher, stout sole.
Price, $4.00

REGALS
H. W. RUBIN,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER.

A DAINTY CHRISTMAS PAPER IN A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY BOX



No gift can be more exquisite—and none more acceptable—than a dainty Christmas box of the handsomest and most distinctive writing paper made—

Crane's Linen Lawn
[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

The boxes are so attractive that they would be well worth giving for themselves alone. They are designed in just the right sizes for gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, scarfs and ribbons, and are finished in a soft grey color, embossed in gold. The prices vary with the sizes, but the paper itself is unvarying in quality. We have these holiday boxes here.

THE BISETT STORE
Smethport, Pa.

RESILIO

Is recognized at the greatest substitute for air in automobile tires yet discovered.

It removes all tire troubles and rides as easy as air, as well as doubling the life of your casings.

During the winter season have your tires filled and be ready for the most pleasant year of automobiling in your life—the season of 1913.

For prices and other particulars inquire of
PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa
OR
BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,
Sole agents for McKean County.

SANTA CLAUS at WELL'S DRUG STORE

Brand New Stock. Save 25 to 33⅓ per cent. Watch our Window.

Some of the New Up-to-Date Gifts We Offer Are

Jewel Cases	Stationery	Perfumes
Hand Bags [adult and infant]	Post-card Albums	Cigars
Comb and Brush Sets	Music Bags	Hat Brushes
Collar Boxes	Cigar Trays	Portfolios
Cuff Boxes	Ash Trays	Scrap Books
Sewing Boxes	Toilet Sets [ebony stag, etc.]	Paper Knives
Infant Sets	Tourist Sets	Holly Wreaths
Post-card Boxes	Cloth Brush Sets	Cigar Cases
Necktie Boxes	Manicure Sets	Novelty Gift Boxes
Work Boxes	Mirrors	Holly Sprays
Music Rolls	Baby Records	Post-cards
Card Holders	Xmas Garlands	Gift Books

We have bought these right in the Chicago market and will give our patrons the benefit of our low prices. Wait for our display! It will be worth your time and save you money.

WELLS DRUG STORE

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes In gun meta and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

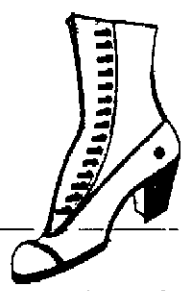
Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

Subscribe for the Miner.

STANDARD PATTERNS

Phone No. 46 if you are in a hurry.

MASSER & GREGORY



SMART SHOES

PATRICIAN

There is an elusive but very vital element called

"STYLE"

in women's shoes, the plainer and simpler the shoe the more art is required to give it style "CHARACTER" exactly as it is with a plain gown simple in design of fine material. This Patrician is Beautiful yet Staunch and Serviceable

FREE

That Big Beautiful Doll

The votes are counting up rapidly, watch and see who is ahead.

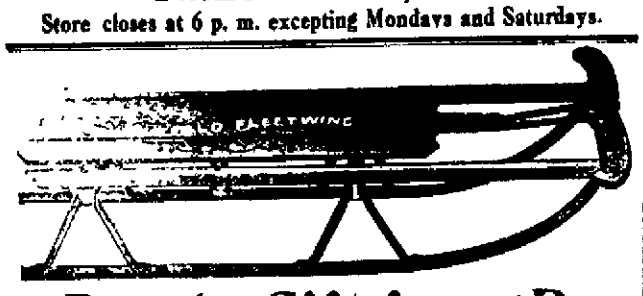
Get your votes started and your friends working for you. By a little effort the doll will be yours. Some one will get it.

Practical Gifts.

Bath robe blankets $3 00 to $5 98
Women's Silk skirts, $3 25 to $3.98
Sweaters, 60c to $8 00
Hosiery, 20c to $1 50
Shoes, 50c to $5 00

MASSER & GREGORY
SMETHPORT, PA.

Store closes at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.



A Dandy Gift for a Boy

What pleases a boy more for Xmas than a

FLEXIBLE STEERING SLED

We have them in three sizes. Also a big bunch of low down sleds and Skates

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa as second class mail matter

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 5, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes have a Christmas advertisement in this issue.

—The Bisett Store is advertising Crane's writing paper for Christmas presents

—Earl Terry is quite ill with pneumonia, but is reported to be improving at this time

—Mrs. V B Bouton is entertaining the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Water street this afternoon

—Ralph Bodler is seriously ill at the home of his parents Mr and Mrs Byron Bodler with pneumonia.

—Phyllis, the young daughter of Col and Mrs Mellville Gillett, is quite ill at their home on West Main street.

—The Christmas gift guessing contest will take place at C W. Masser's Hardware Store from Dec 9 to 21 Ad

—The Gales will be the attraction at the Lyceum on Friday, Dec. 13, under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department.

—Burglars are working in Port Allegany. Last week the homes of C. A Dolley and Frank Simor were entered and a small amount of plunder was secured

—The Smethport High School presents the Hruby Brothers at the Lyceum next Monday, December 9th. They are giving an entirely new program this year.

—John B Oviatt and son, Milo, two well known hunters of Norwich township killed a buck on the West Branch the latter part of last week These hunters very seldom fail to get a deer during the season

—Vogels Minstrels will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum tonight John W Vogel always has one of the very best minstrel shows on the road and he should be greeted with a crowded house.

—A large party of young people tendered Miss Hattie Miller a surprise party Saturday evening at the home of her uncle, Mr. Miller, on Water street Elegant refreshments were served and a pleasant evening passed by all

—Assemblyman, Leon Taylor of Monmouth county, who is a son of the Rev T. R. Taylor, formerly of this place, is slated for speaker of the house in the New Jersey legislature This is pleasing news to his many friends her and The Miner extends congratulations on his political success

—Mr. William Thomas shot six big black squirrels last Friday that weighed 13 pounds. They were beauties; and the best squirrel catch reported thus far this season. They were on exhibition for awhile at Albee & Seitz Company's store and attracted a great deal of attention Mr Thomas was out measuring some timber for the Wyman Chemical Company, and did his shooting at intervals during his work.—Port Allegany Argus

—Beginning with January 1 next there will be a heavy cut in express rates, brought about by the United States government, which will be as important to our merchants and to the public ingeneral as the parcel post The express companies claim that they will lose at least $32 000 000 per annum by the change, which means that the public will save that much The express companies have been making excessive profits, the new rulings will not prevent their making reasonable earnings in the future.

—On Friday November 22nd Louis Dreisbach a veterinarian of Schylkill Haven Schuylkill county, pled guilty to the charge of having violated section one of the act of March 30th 1905 in failing to report to the secretary of the State Livestock Sanitary Board a case of glanders in a horse owned by a client of his The hearing was held before the Justice of the Peace, F S Freiler, of Pittsville After pleading guilty, Dr Dreisbach paid a fine and the costs of prosecution in accordance with the provisions of the act violated.

—Kane Leader Some unknown hunter shot a large doe Tuesday on Crane Run, about three miles from Kane Mr Homer Reigle, a leaseman from Kane who was working in the vicinity heard the shot and started out to see what it was As he neared the spot he saw a man with a gun, who had evidently caught sight of him, hurrying to get away Mr Reigle searched the ground over carefully and was surprised to find a dead doe When he reached Jo Jo he telephoned to Chief of Police Ives who ordered the carcass brought to Kane and it was given to the hospital

—Brother Lindsley of the Democrat had rather a peculiar experience last Thursday The night before he was called up on the telephone and he and his estimable wife were invited out to Thanksgiving dinner. Mr Lindsley neither accepted nor declined but said he would let them know the next morning The next morning he called at Jmes Quirk's restaurant and informed Mrs. Quirk that it would be impossible for he and Mrs Lindsley to dine with them, and the bewildered look on Mrs. Quirk's face told him plainer than words that he had made a mistake. Explanations and apologies followed and now neighbor Lindsley is wondering who invited him to Thanksgiving dinner, while the person who invited him is probably wondering why Mr. Lindsley neither accepted nor regretted the invitation

As a result of a bloody free-for-all fight in Sheffield Sunday evening in the rear of the tannery, five men were badly injured Because exceptions were taken by certain Polish residents of the town to fellow countrymen becoming Americanized to the extent of wearing light colored raincoats, the serious fight was precipitated. Andrew Ebbet was struck in the face with a sling shot, his nose broken and his eyes blackened Paul Schwaseki was stabbed in the back with the blade of the knife piercing his lung. The wound may be fatal.

John Gaydo was stabbed in the neck, arm and side. He nearly bled to death and may not recover. Mike Kocsi was stabbed in the neck and an artery severed. He was also cut on the back of the head His condition is serious. George Wargo was slightly cut on the face and head. George Agdo was stabbed on the shoulder and arm.

—Saturday marked the close of the season for killing deer in this State, and, according to reports, more bucks were brought down this year than last in Clinton county. The first week of the season presented unfavorable weather for hunting big game and yet with this handicap quite a number of bucks were killed. After the fall of snow, which made tracking easier, many more were added to the list Along with the bucks some does were also killed either accidentally or otherwise, the carcasses of which found their way to the hospitals as prescribed by the game laws. During the season of 1911 a record kept at this office indicates that 167 bucks were killed, while this year our record thus far is 169 killed Of bears the record for 1911 shows 27 against 29 for this season

PERSONAL MENTION.

Guy B Mayo is in Philadelphia this week on business

Miss Ella Gallup has returned home from Holland Mich

Milo Oviatt, of Norwich was a visitor in town this week

A M. Boardman, of Bradford is doing jury duty this week

Walter Daniels has returned home from Charleston, W. Va.

Attorney J E Mullin, of Kane, had business at court this week

Miss Linnea Lilgendahl was a business visitor in Bradford Saturday

H. S Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business vistor in town on Monday

A. F. Bannon, Jr., of Hornell, N Y., is an attendant at court this week

Mr and Mrs J C. Brenneman were Kane and Warren visitors Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Bouton and daughter, Helen, were Olean visitors last Friday.

B. P. Oviatt and Robert Brownell were Olean business visitors Saturday

Charles Shellander of Kasson was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday

Mrs A H Gaffney, of Kane, was the guest of Smethport friends here yesterday

Judge Perry of Wyoming county is assisting Judge Bouton at civil court this week

Miss Crawford and nephew Harold Campbell, of Bradford, were in town Saturday

Miss Mildred Holder was the guest of Miss Lillie Hagberg in Olean Thanksgiving

Mr and Mrs E F Heath were the guests of Eldred relatives and friends last Thursday

Mrs C W Freeman and daughter Miss Helen, were the guests of Bradford friends over Sunday

Miss Helen Freeman, who has been visiting friends in Bradford for several days, has returned home

The Misses Irma Wells and Lena Young were in Bradford Thursday evening to see "Baby Mine"

Alfred Bush was down from Hazelhurst and spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abbey and son Osborn who have been the guests of Austin friends have returned home

Mr and Mrs F. E Baldwin, of Austin, were the guests of the latter's mother, Mrs Alice McClure last week.

E. P. Hafner left Monday for Willard, N. Y., after a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs Wm Hafner.

Mr. and Mrs E M Cheeseman spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr and Mrs H C Robinson at Hazelhurst

Miss Mary McCabe has returned to Bradford after spending the past few weeks with her sister, Mrs Richard Hurley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell, of Kane, were the guests of Mrs Campbell's parents, Mr and Mrs J C Brenneman last week.

Mrs. George Hyde who recently underwent an operation at the Jefferson hospital in Philadelphia returned home Friday evening

Mrs H L. McCoy and granddaughter, Miss Grace Olmstead, have returned from a month's visit in Providence, R I. and New York City.

Mr and Mrs W. P. Mitchell and daughter, Norma, of Olean, were the guests of Mrs Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Green, Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haley and niece Miss Jane Cramer, were the guests of Mr. Haley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Haley in DeGolia, Thanksgiving

Mr. and Mrs Nathan Foote have been the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. F W Brownell, have returned to their home in Hamburg, N. Y.

Robert Daly, Edwin Bouton, Allen Morrison, Alfred Stuart, Calvert and Paul Richmond were among the many from this place to attend, "Baby Mine," at the Bradford Theatre Thursday evening.

Chicago Preacher Found to Tie the Pair—On an Auto Trip Today

Chicago, Dec. 4.—Just before starting on an automobile honeymoon, Jack Johnson announced today that he had given his bride as a wedding gift of a racing automobile of the latest and swiftest design. The bride smiled and kissed the big negro. They seemed as happy as children. They refused to tell their destination.

The marriage took place almost on the same spot in the front parlor of the Wabash avenue home where the body of Johnson's first wife, who died a suicide through the bitterness of her lot, lay only a few short weeks ago while Johnson sobbed out his love for the woman.

A little later in the afternoon Johnson went to the safe where the jewels were deposited that had belonged to Etta Duryea Johnson and, taking them to Lucille Cameron decorated her cheap white shirt waist with the jewels.

All the afternoon the orchestra played "rag" time whil the white and black visitors who came to pander to the pugilist danced the "grizzly bear" and champagne poured to all who had the price

"There are twenty four cases of champagne," boasted one of Johnson's black henchmen, "and we'll drink it all before morning."

There were other things to drink besides, and on the center table of the dining room was a small wedding cake in the shape of a heart, with the grotesque figures of a white man and a white woman on top of the icing.

Johnson experienced difficulty in getting the license. Clerk L. C. Legner, the "cupid" of the marriage license bureau, refused to issue the necessary permit, as Lucile Cameron is not yet 19 years old He demanded that the girl should be brought to the city hall.

Then the negro appeared to County Clerk Sweitzer, who ordered the license to be issued.

There was also difficulty in getting a minister to perform the ceremony, several declining the glittering offers that were held out to them. Ultimately the Rev. William Beloy of the Olive Baptist church, was persuaded to tie the knot.

Jap Dandruff Cure

Money back for empty bottle if not as guaranteed. Sold by E. E HEATH & SON. 3m-Adv

R. E. DIAMENT

SUCCESSORS TO

J. S. McCarthy

Everything in the line of

Fresh Meats
Salt Meats
Oysters and Fish
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Courteous and careful treatment given to all old and new customers.

R. E. DIAMENT,
Smethport, Pa.

CAN YOU Possibly Think of a **Xmas Gift**

more suitable than a pair of

WALK OVERSHOES

They give satisfaction and pleasure to the wearer. Our great variety of styles and patterns in patent leather, gun metal and Tans, are bound to please,

WALK OVER PRICES
are $3 50, $4.00 and $5 00
Will you give us a chance to show you a Christmas gift of real merit?

WM. MONHEIMER'S'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Home Journal Patterns

Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store open evenings from December 9 until Christmas.

Christmas Gifts

Holiday goods are ready for you now—It is with pleasure that we invite you to inspect our new stocks suitable for gift purposes. In the regular lines of Home Furnishings—Mens' Wear and Women and Childrens Furnishings as well as distinctively Holiday merchandise our assortments are considerably larger than we have ever shown before—Our prices are fixed in a way to make shoping here very advantageous—Come expecting to get the most for you money here. You wont be disappointed. Do your buying now while you can make your selections in comfort and get the full measure of satisfaction which is impossible dufing the last days when stocks are depleted and everyone is in a hurry.

Shop in the morning if possible.

Just a few hints of what we have, a complete list would be impossible.

Gifts for Men

Gloves 25c to $2 00, Cravats 25c to 50c, Mufflers 25c to $2 50, Cravat and Hose Sets 50c to $1.50, Umbrellas 50c to $7.75 Handkerchiefs 5c to $1.00, Cuff Buttons 25c to $4.75, Scarf Pins 25c to $2.75, Shaving Sets 50c to $3.50, Brushes 50c to $3.75, Traveling Slippers $2.00, Tie Racks 25c to 70c. Bath Robe Blanketts $2.90 to $4.50, Sweater coats $1.00 to $7.50, etc.

Gifts for Women

Gloves 25c to $3.50, Neckwear 25c to $2.75, Hosiery 15c to $1.50, Waists $1.00 to $5.50, Umbrellas 50 to $7.75, Furs $2.50 to $42.50, Fur coats $47.50 to $60.00, Fancy Linens 15c $10.00, Table Linen Sets $8 75, Writing Paper 10c to $2.00, Handkerchief 5c to 50c, Jewel Cases, Vanity Bags, Manicure Sets, etc.

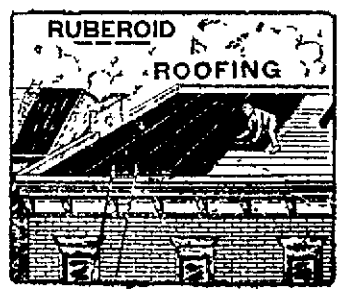
Gifts for Children

Furs $1.50 to $12.50. Mittens 10c to 50c, Handkerchiefs 2c to 25c, Book 5c to 50c, Games 5c to 50, Toys 1.5c to $7.50, Miror Scopes $2.50 to $7.50, Electrical Toys 75c to $7.50, Stuffed Animal 10c to 1.00, Dolls 1c to 7.50, etc.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, - - - - PA

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—To Attempt to Sell Them on the Record and Reputation of

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowleged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

The Home of QUALITY GROCERIES

What Place Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. Especially

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient. until meal time Kids!

Try These, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS
PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL

PHONE 7

NATURAL BRIDGES.

The Biggest in the World Are in the Utah Desert.

WONDERS OF WHITE CANYON.

Three Massive Towering Arches, Majestic in Their Rugged Grandeur, Span the Lonely, Picturesque Gorge, Far From the Beaten Paths of Man.

Among the wonders of the west which the government has taken under its care are the remarkable natural bridges of Utah, which are, so far as is known, without a peer. In 1908 these three bridges, the Caroline, Augusta and Edwin, were set aside as national monuments, and later certain caves and springs near by were added to the reserved area.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of these stupendous arches, and so far they have been seen by few persons, for it is a trip of days across the desert to reach them, but accurate measurements have been taken and convey some notion of their size and shape. The popular way of reaching these curiosities is from Bluff, Utah, where one can obtain a guide and outfit. Thence you proceed through dry washes, old stream beds and sage covered mesas to the great bridges, which loom up in White canyon far from the beaten path of man.

The White canyon itself is many miles long and the bridges spring from its steep, light buff walls, the three being within a distance of five miles. They seem carved by Titanic forces, for the largest is 222 feet high and 65 feet thick at the top of the arch. The arch is 28 feet wide, the span is 261 feet, and the height of the span is 157 feet.

The Natural bridge of Virginia is a baby in comparison with any of the three Utah formations. It is to be regretted that these wonderful bridges are not easier of access. Figures give little idea of their immensity, and words but suggest their beauty.

The first account of them given to the world was that of Horace J. Long, who visited the bridges in 1903. Long was an engineer and prospecting in Utah. One day he fell in with a cattleman named Scorup, who was familiar with Utah and in particular with the region lying around the San Juan river.

Scorup, after some preliminary conversation, said that he had seen some remarkable bridges so immense and wonderful that he disliked to talk about them for fear he would be accused of manufacturing the story. He added that though he had seen them in 1898 he had always desired to go back and if Long would accompany him and take photographs he would guarantee to guide the engineer to the place.

Accordingly the two men set out with pack horses and provisions, and after a lonely trip through deserts and canyons and wide stretches where no animal was to be seen they descended into the gorge of the White canyon, the sides of which are filled with deserted cliff dwellings. Two days later they came to the wonderful bridges, the first of which, of pink sandstone, Scorup called Caroline in honor of his mother.

Long was fairly dazed at the beauty and size of this natural wonder. The pink walls were streaked with delicate colored lichens and stood out in bold relief against a sky of blue. More than this, both men felt that they were gazing on one of the wonders of the world.

They pushed rapidly down the canyon and came to another arch, more symmetrical and more beautiful than the first, with a lightness and grace and charm of coloring that made it a splendid work of nature. Long named this the Augusta after his wife and managed to get a fair photograph. The arch was so high that the trees of California would seem dwarfed beside it, and the men took what measurements they could by climbing and clinging to the canyon's sides.

They found the Edwin, or Little bridge, several miles down the canyon, the arch in reality of immense dimensions, but small in comparison with those that they had measured. All around these bridges are crags and strange formations, cave dwellings, springs and other objects of interest, but the center of attraction is and will always be these three towering arches which span the White canyon.

Undoubtedly these bridges are of great scientific interest, not alone because they are so far as known the largest natural bridges in the world, but because they are extraordinary examples of stream erosion. An ancient river probably carved these great arches, which may have been known to prehistoric dwellers of the desert west.—New York Sun.

The Crowded Way.

"The late General Booth," said a Salvation Army captain of Philadelphia, "used to admit freely that the bad man had more fun—at least while carrying on his badness—than the good man."

Stroking his white beard, he put the matter in a neat epigram one night in New York.

"'They say the way of the transgressor is hard,' he said. 'At any rate it certainly isn't lonely.'"

A Difficult Order.

Willie (at table)—I want my pudding now. I don't want any old meat and—

Father (sternly)—You keep your mouth shut and eat your dinner.—Boston Transcript.

To wait and be patient soothes many a pang.—Dutch Proverb.

AT SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.

An Anxious Experience Off the Rock Bound Coast of Korea.

The perils of the small boat at sea are told by Jack London in an article on "Small Boat Sailing" in the Yachting Monthly:

"About the liveliest eight days of my life were spent in a small boat on the west coast of Korea," he writes. "I was in an open boat, a sampan, on a rocky coast where there were no lighthouses and where the tides run from thirty to sixty feet. My crew were Japanese fishermen. We did not speak each other's language. Yet there was nothing monotonous about that trip. Never shall I forget one particular cold, bitter dawn, when in the thick of driving snow we took in sail and dropped our small anchor.

"The Japanese crawled under a communal rice mat and went to sleep. I joined them, and for several hours we dozed fitfully. Then a sea deluged us with icy water and we found several inches of snow on top of the mat.

"It soon became a case of swamping at our anchor. Seas were splashing on board in growing volume, and we bailed constantly. And still my fisherman crew eyed the surf battered shore and did nothing.

"At last, after many narrow escapes from complete swamping, the fishermen got into action. All hands tailed on to the anchor and hove it up. For'ard, as the boat's head paid off, we set a patch of sail about the size of a flour sack. And we headed straight for the rocky shore. I unlaced my shoes, unbuttoned my greatcoat and coat and was ready to make a quick partial strip a minute or so before we struck. But we didn't strike, and as we rushed in I saw the beauty of the situation. Before us opened a narrow channel, frilled at its mouth with breaking seas. Yet long before, when I had scanned the shore closely, there had been no such channel. I had forgotten the thirty foot tide. And it was for this time that the Japanese had so precariously waited."

"SCRATCHED ROCKS."

They Mark the Course of Glaciers Adown Our Continent.

Throughout the northern United States, from the Atlantic ocean to the far northwest and as far south as Kentucky, huge bowlders are found scattered at haphazard. The rocks and ledges are smoothed and marked with scratches varying from faint lines to broad grooves two feet deep. Some of these bowlders, weighing many tons, are so balanced on a ledge that a slight touch will rock them. The Indians used them as "alarm bells."

The grooves or scratches on these rocks are as a rule parallel and extend north and south. South of the above mentioned area neither bowlders nor scratched rocks can be found.

How came the bowlders in their position? What scratched the rocks?

Agassiz, familiar with the glaciers of the Alps, probably gave the true answer. He showed that a similar state of things is produced today by the glaciers of Switzerland. These streams of ice creep slowly down from the lofty summits of the Alps through the valleys to the plains. They bear on their surface huge rocks fallen from surrounding cliffs. The stones frozen in the bottom of the glacier, pressed down by the enormous weight of ice above them, scratch and groove the rocks beneath, as the tool of a carpenter gouges out a piece of wood.

What was the condition of America when similar effects were produced? Instead of local glaciers scattered in the valleys, the whole surface now covered with bowlders must have been hidden by an immense sheet of ice. Judging from the marks on the rocks, the sheet moved from the north toward the south, carrying with it masses of rock.—Harper's Weekly.

Expectancy of Life.

All insurance is calculated upon the probable length of time a person has to live. This is called the average expectancy. Many elaborate tables have been made up by the insurance companies, some based upon one set of data, some upon another, and consequently they vary slightly. The British life annuity tables, a fair calculation, show that a man of fifty has a natural expectancy of living 21.2 years, a woman of the same age 23.5 years; at sixty his expectancy is 14.8 years, hers is 17 years; at seventy his is 9.5 years, hers 10.9 years.

She Saw.

"Why is Mrs. Wombat wearing such dowdy clothes lately? She spends half her husband's income on dress. But why is she wearing such mean looking clothes just now?"

"Her husband's mother is visiting her just now. See?"

"The other woman saw.—Pittsburgh Post.

This Is English—Do You Get It?

Little Johnny came running in to his father and said:

"Oh, father, I have just gained a sovereign and threepence."

"How's that?" said his father.

"Well," said Johnny, "I have just bought a guinea pig for ninepence."

Very Thorough.

Clarice—Well, aunt, how do you like your new doctor? Aunt—Oh, immensely. He's so thorough. He never comes to see me without finding some little thing the matter with me.—Judge.

Reckless.

Howell—Did you ever do any deed of daring? Powell—Yes; I once said what I thought when guessing a woman's age.—New York Press.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

Dramatic Climax to a Trial in a French Court.

Coincidence—chance—plays a tremendous part in human history. Fate is another name for the same thing; so is luck. All these words are merely our puny euphemisms for X, the unknown quantity.

"Not in day parties but the story of a remarkable coincidence is brought to public notice. A newspaper incident now in general, however, than this one, the account of which is in an old copy of the Chevalgne de Paris.

A youth of about nineteen was brought to trial for having broken the window of a baker's shop and stolen a two pound loaf.

The Judge—Why did you steal the loaf?

Prisoner—I was driven by hunger.

"Why did you not buy it?"

"Because I had no money."

"But you have a gold ring on your finger. Why didn't you sell it?"

"I am a foundling. When I was taken from the bank of a ditch this ring was suspended from my neck by a silken cord, and I kept it in the hope of, thereby discovering at least who were my parents. I cannot dispose of it."

The procurer du roi (king's attorney) made a violent speech against the prisoner, who was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for five years. Immediately upon this a woman more worn down by poverty than age came forward and made the following declaration:

"Gentlemen of the jury, twenty years ago a young woman was married to a young man of the same town, who afterward abandoned her. Poor and distressed, she was obliged to leave her child to the care of Providence. The child has since grown up, and the woman and the husband have grown older, the child in poverty, the woman in misery and her husband in prosperity. They are all three now in court. The child is the unfortunate prisoner whom you have just pronounced guilty, the mother is myself, and there sits the father," pointing to the king's attorney.

POETICAL FEATS.

Difficult Rimes Had No Terrors For Browning or Byron.

Poets may be baffled in their search for rimes, but it takes a great deal to baffle the doggerel rimester. Charles II. offered a reward for a rime to "porringer." The reward was claimed with the following marriage announcement:

The Duke of York a daughter had.
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
So now your majesty will see
I've found a rime for porringer.

Browning's perpetrations in rime are probably unique in English poetry. Here is a couplet from "Sordello" which no minor poet would dare to print for fear of blasting his reputation:

Chirrups the contumacious grasshopper;
Rustles the lizard and the cushats chirre.

In the same poem he rimes "sniked" with "muict," "flag" with "quag," "abhors" with "valvassors." But he reached the climax surely in the couplet:

You trample our beds of ranunculus,
And you "Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle" us.

The worthy and reverend author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" was fond of such rimes as:

A long yellow pinafore
Hangs down each chin afore,

or such riming gymnastics as:

At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,
But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here.

Yet in these enormities he was only parodying Byron, who wrote:

Ye lords of ladies intellectual
Confess if they had not henpecked you all.

Some Satisfaction.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton in her biography of her father, the late Lord Wolverhampton, says that in his home his orders were always stern and peremptory, but no one was more surprised than he was when they were obeyed.

One day he detected one of his daughters making a statement in which she rather exaggerated the facts.

"You are one of the most inaccurate women that was ever created," he told her.

"Well," was the cheerful reply, "I am glad to be a masterpiece in some department of creation."

The Tower of Babel.

Do you realize that 4,000 years after the most wonderful of all towers was built by the ancients (according to the Book of Genesis about 2400 B. C.), its seven stages still rise high above the plains near the site of Babylon? Until a few years ago it had been known as the Mound of the Birs Nimrud, when Sir Henry Rawlinson discovered in one of the stages the inscribed cylinders which made the identification possible.

The Easier Way.

"I can cure that cold, old man."

"What do you want me to take?"

"About an hour's exercise in the open air every day."

"I think I'll try Wombat's method. All he wants me to take is a few pills."—Pittsburgh Post.

Partly True Any Way.

Mrs. Blowitt—I see by this magazine that wearing hats makes one's hair gray. Mr. Blowitt—Well, the expensive ones that you have been wearing make my hair gray.

The Retort.

Wife—It makes me so unhappy to think that I have married a fool. Husband—Don't worry about that. Only a fool would have married you.—Der Guckasten.

FINE OLD BORROWERS.

Leigh Hunt Was a Champion, and Dr. Johnson Levied on Books.

In a book of essays, "Americans and Others," Agnes Repplier collects some notable instances of a certain consternation in borrowers. Leigh Hunt and William Godwin had the trait developed to magnificent proportions:

"It would be interesting to calculate the amount of money which Hunt's friends and acquaintances contributed to his support in life, shaking gave him at one time £1,400, no amount which the poet could ill spare, and when he had no more to give wrote in misery of spirit to Byron, begging a loan for his friend and promising to repay it, as he felt tolerably sure Hunt never would. Byron, generous at first, wearied after a time of his position in Hunt's commissariat (it was like pulling a man out of a river, he wrote to Moore, only to see him jump in again) and coldly withdrew. His withdrawal occasioned inconvenience and has been sharply criticised."

As for Godwin, when his daughter ran off with Shelley he refused to take Shelley's check for £1,000 if it were not made payable to a third person or "unless he could have the money without the formality of an acceptance."

Crabb Robinson introduced him one evening to a gentleman named Rough. The next day both Godwin and Rough called upon their host, each man expressing his regard for the other and each asking Robinson if he thought the other would be a likely person to lend him £50.

Dr. Johnson was more scrupulous. He "paid back £10 after a lapse of twenty years * * * and on his deathbed begged Sir Joshua Reynolds to forgive him a trifling loan." But in the matter of borrowed books the case was altered. "Johnson cherished a firm conviction that because he read and Garrick did not the proper place for Garrick's books was on his—Johnson's—bookshelves, a point which could never be settled between the two friends and which came near wrecking their friendship."

Alaska's Two Climates.

Official reports indicate that the coast region of Alaska has much rain and snow, but an equable temperature, and that the winter at Sitka is no colder than at Washington. The snowfall at Valdez has reached sixty feet and the rainfall at Sitka 111 inches in a season. The Yukon basin, on the other hand, has a continental climate, very cold in the winter, although the summer temperature may reach 90 degrees F. in the shade. The rainfall is small. The soil is permanently frozen for several yards below the surface, but a thin surface layer thaws out every summer.—Harper's.

Matter and Force Identical.

Until recently the atom was considered the indivisible part of matter, but advances in radio-activity point to the fact that the atom is a complex system, consisting of a positively charged nucleus around which are grouped numerous negatively charged particles of infinitesimal dimensions, called electrons. A great deal has yet to be learned about the electron. Though regarded now as the unit of the material universe, it is really nothing but electricity, though it possesses the properties of matter—mass, momentum, kinetic energy and probably weight.—Christian Herald.

Beggars' Day In Costa Rica.

In Costa Rica the beggars are privileged characters on Tuesday—that is, they are allowed that day of the week in which to beg from shop to shop. It is the custom for business houses to prepare for the weekly visit of the mendicants and to hand over to them small coins or articles of little value. In some instances where merchandise is given away the beggars peddle it about the poorer quarters and so earn a few cents apiece.—Argonaut.

Simple Locomotion.

"I was just thinking," said one weary tramp to another, with a long, long journey in front of them, "about bad roads and the wonders of science. This earth is spinning round faster'n a railway train behind time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet."

"No, but think o' what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while the territory slid under our feet until the place we wanted to go to came along!"

The Turkish Fez.

The Turk's devotion to the fez is clearly explained by Duckett Ferriman: "The prejudice against the hat rests on a religious basis. If the ramas (form of prayer) is rightly performed the forehead must touch the ground. The brim of a hat or the peak of a cap would prevent this."—London Globe.

A Beautiful Sight.

"There is no such thing as true friendship."

"Oh, yes, there is. Did you never remark the implicit trust and confidence existing between two girls who have known each other for about a week?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Intellect.

Knicker—Is Jones smart enough to set the river afire? Bocker—No, but he is smart enough not to get up to build the fire himself.—New York Sun.

Grim Humor.

Hokus—I will tell you, an operation for appendicitis is no joke. Pokus—No, but if it were it would be a sidesplitting one.—Life.

When men are friends there is no need of justice, but when they are just they still need friendship.—Aristotle.

BLACK LETTERS AND WHITE.

The Former More Distinct at a Distance Than the Latter.

There is a tendency on the part of railroads to adopt signs with white letters on a black background, not realizing that the black letter on a white background is easier to read and can be made out at a greater distance. This subject is an interesting one from the standpoint of the retina of the eye.

The impression of a letter at the limit of vision is received on the ends of a small bundle of nerves which convey to the brain a sort of mosaic impression. A nerve can only transmit to the brain information as to whether or not a ray of light is falling upon it, and when a nerve is partly in the light and partly in darkness the sensation is the same as though all of it was in the light.

It follows, therefore, according to the Scientific American, that all nerves on the dividing edge between any black and white area transmit the sensation of light so that all white lines and white areas appear wider and all black lines and black areas appear narrower than they really are.

Black letters grow thinner at the limit of vision and are still recognizable, while at the same distance white letters grow thicker and cannot be distinguished. There are circumstances when it is necessary to use white letters, but in such cases legibility will be improved if they are made with a thin stroke and strongly lighted. Black letters are more distinct if made with a heavy stroke.

"Doing the Trick."

Kean played Brutus to his son's Titus in "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." As may be imagined, the benefit was a bumper. There was over £300 in the house. Kean, invigorated and strengthened by his holiday, played magnificently. Charles supported him extremely well, and Kean's delivery on his son's neck of the lines, "Pity thy wretched father," stirred the audience to their very depths. There was not a dry eye in the house, the applause was frantic and Kean whispered to his son, "We are doing the trick, Charles!"—Armstrong's "Century of Actors."

A Blunt Monarch.

James I., being requested by his old nurse to make her son "a gentleman," answered emphatically: "I'll mak' him baronet, gin ye like, luckie, but the de'il himsel' couldna' mak' him a gentleman."

James I. was the first to create baronets (1611). He it was, also, who said of the wives of his law lords, "I can make the carls lords, but I canna' make the carlines ladies."

Neighborly.

She—I have not seen you for an age, Herr Doctor, notwithstanding that we live only a few streets apart here in Berlin. I learned, with much regret, that you've been ill. Herr Doctor—Who told you that? She—My brother wrote me from India.—Fliegende Blatter.

No Chance.

"What became of your anti-noise movement?"

"We couldn't hire brass bands and megaphones to popularize it without being inconsistent."—Washington Star.

Every one sings as he has the gift and marries as he has the luck.—From the Portuguese.

SAVED BY HIS BOOTS.

The Way a Writer Dodged Death the French Revolution.

In the French revolution a feuilletonist named Schlaberndorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre and at the dictation of that dread leader was imprisoned. When the death cart one morning came to the prison for its load of victims that were that day to be butchered Schlaberndorf's name was on the list of the condemned. The jailer informed him that such was the case and the writer dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—although extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by his jailer, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailer after their fruitless search, "but really I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this execution party," he added, smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred until tomorrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," responded the functionary, between whom and Schlaberndorf there had existed a sort of friendship. "Suppose we call it tomorrow, then?"

"All right." And the jailer allowed Schlaberndorf to remain, not unwillingly, as, owing to his universal good humor, he was especially liked by all the jail attendants.

The following morning when the cart drew up before the prison door for its batch of victims Schlaberndorf, dressed in his best, including the boots, that had been found, stood waiting the summons of the jailer to take his place therein. Meantime, however, a new jailer had taken the place of the old one, the latter himself having suddenly been displaced by reason of suspected disloyalty to the revolutionists, and Schlaberndorf's name was not called that morning. Nor was it called the next morning nor the morning after that nor, indeed, ever again. It was believed by all outside of his friends in the jail that he had perished on the morning originally set for him. He remained in prison until the sway of Robespierre had ended. Then he regained his liberty, as did the rest of those prisoners whose heads had not fallen beneath the bloodstained ax.—New York Press.

In After Years.

Old Fogy Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theater parties, late dinners and the like. Up to Date Son—Oh, that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Chicago News.

Forced Youth.

"I insist that I am just as young as I used to be."

"That's all right as long as you don't try to act that way."—Houston Post.

When Time Doesn't Fly.

Sitting around a country depot waiting for a midnight train will do a lot to dissipate that tempus fugit theory.—Atchison Globe.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

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The regular retail prices of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce our tires we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.65) if you mention this paper when you write us.

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J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. LINDEN'S CHRISTMAS

Romance That Had Its Beginning in a Child's Promise

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dr. Linden passed down the chil
n's ward between the rows of little
ite beds. Now and then he paused to
nile down into a wistful face or to
eak a little ear, but his objective
int was the bed at the end of the
m where the western sunlight
eamed across the white counterpane
d made a golden space for Cicely's
in fingers to play in.

Cicely smiled up into the doctor's
ndsome face, her brown eyes alight
th affection.

"I've been waiting for you," she an-
nced as he sat down beside the bed
d took one of her little, clawlike
nds in his own large, warm grasp
He lifted his eyebrows in mock ter-
r. "What have I done?" he asked,
ancing down at the watch in his
lm.

"Look at me" she commanded, and
owly, triumphantly, she lifted her
ose cropped sunny head from the
low and sat upright, watching his
es for a look of delighted surprise.

She was not disappointed. Cicely
ige was never disappointed in Dr.
nden. He always did the right thing,
the very thing you expected of him.

"Wonderful!" cried the doctor as he
ced a firm hand and supported the
ak little back to its place among the
llows, once more "You're the best
tient I ever had, Cicely. One day
u tell me that you will be able to sit
within a certain time, and when
at time comes you do sit up"

Dr. Linden appeared as surprised at
e little girl's performance as if he
d not received a favorable report of
r condition from the nurse at the
or.

"I just made up my mind I'd sur-
ise you by sitting up today, and so
sat up," said Cicely proudly, al-
ough the effort had removed every
stige of color that had crept into her
eeks at his approach. "I do lots of
ings that way."

"Dear me!" cried the doctor again.

"Yes, and I'd do most anything to
ease you Dr. Linden," went on Cice-
, watching him with shining eyes.

"Then you must hurry and get en-
ely well."

"I am trying hard, but it's kind of
ow work," she said wistfully. All at
ce her charming face broke into a
rely shy smile "I'm—I'm going to
arry you when I grow up, Dr. Lin-
n, if you don't mind," she ended.

Dr. Linden flushed, while the nurse
ttled primly "I don't mind," he as-
red the child gravely "I am much
nored, and I shall wait for you."

"Oh, shall—you?" murmured Cicely
ceptly. "Well, I'll—be there some
y." And the dark lashes lay on her
eeks and she slept.

Dr. Linden watched her thoughtful
ere he arose and gave a few parting
rections to the nurse. As he left the
ospital and rolled uptown in his mo
pear his thoughts were busy with
e problem of the lovely child he had
st left. Four weeks before Cicely
uge had been brought to the hos

I'M GOING TO MARRY YOU WHEN I GROW UP."

ital in an ambulance, quite uncon
cious from injuries received in a run
way accident.

It seems that Cicely had been walk
ig in the park with her nurse when
runaway horse had suddenly dashed
cross the turf and trampled upon her
he nurse had fled and the child, her
lentity quite unknown, had been taken
to the hospital, where as days passed
d by no one came to claim her, nor
vere there any inquiries for her. No
ody by the name of Auge could be
ound to identify the beautiful child.

John Linden had quite lost his heart
o Cicely Auge, and he had arranged
home for her with an old couple
hom he knew when she should be dis
harged from the hospital. All this
as in case no one came to claim the
hild. But a few days ago Cicely's
emory had returned to her and she
ad informed the day nurse that her
arents were in England and that she
ad been staying with her grandmoth
r, whose name was Stevens and who
ved in a beautiful house on Fifth
venue.

So this very afternoon as Dr. John
inden rode up Fifth avenue where he
was to receive a cable message summoning him to Germany, where his father had suffered a stroke of paralysis. Cicely Auge's grandmother, Mrs. Beekst Stevens, was being driven frantically toward the hospital in search of the child who had been missing four weeks, together with the cowardly nurse who had fled after the accident.

The next morning Dr. Linden boarded ship for Hamburg, while the hospital ambulance carefully removed his erstwhile patient, Cicely Auge, to her grandmother's luxuriously appointed home. Cicely cried all the way home and refused to be comforted because she could not see Dr. Linden again.

Long years came and went, and still Dr. Linden remembered the little girl who had come so strangely into his life and had so quickly vanished, leaving a deep impress on his memory. Why was it that the face of a child with whom he had been associated but a few weeks should so often appear in his thoughts? Of course she was a young woman now and if youthful promise were fulfilled must be beautiful. Sometimes he wondered if intervening years had obliterated her experience in the hospital and had wiped out all recollection of the doctor in whom she had so much childish confidence The memory of childhood is fleeting and indistinct, and serious things leave but small impression He was sure somehow that she could not wholly forget, for she was unusually bright and possessed of a mind far beyond her years Thus the years passed for Dr. Linden.

* * * * * * *

Dr. Linden sat beside the fire on Christmas eve and felt very lonely The snow was filling the city's streets, and the people, hurrying to and fro beat up in last holiday shopping, loomed large through the fast falling flakes. The electric lights on the corners cast an orange hued glow through the white mist of flakes and failed to penetrate the gloom of the doctor's front doorstep. The doctor was a lonely man. In faraway Germany all his people had been gathered to their forefathers and he had returned to his new home in America with a sense of great desolation. He was a famous physician; he had a large practice; he possessed hosts of friends; he was rich beyond any cause for anxiety if he chose to close his office this Christmas eve, yet he was unhappy and very lonesome.

"What in thunder ails me?" he muttered to himself as he shook his broad shoulders and paced the room back and forth. "It must be because I am so much alone—in the home—I need a wife," he said under his breath as if afraid some one might be listening.

"I need a wife," he said, a little more boldly, "and children, of course. I wouldn't be lonesome then—by thunder, no!" He laughed musically. "I'd have to hustle for a living too. They'd have to be put to schools and colleges and married, of course—the dear kinder!" He laughed again at the idea of his planning for children who were yet unborn, but there were tears in his handsome eyes

"I might adopt one," he mused again after a long while, "if I could only find another child that attracted me as did that little Cicely of the hospital. How I did fancy the little one! And she said she was going to marry me some day!" He smiled into the heart of the fire at the recollection of Cicely and her charming ways 'Queer how the people at the hospital failed to find any record of her arrival and departure, and I have forgotten her name. I wonder what she would say if she knew I had investigated every Cicely I ever heard about in the hope of finding her?"

He heard the doorbell tinkle faintly and the slow, cautious footsteps of his fat butler, Franz, as he went down the polished floor of the hall.

A woman's soft voice raised in inquiry was followed by the closing of the door. The bass tones of Franz were objecting to something, but ceased at a word of command. Dr. Linden looked toward the door as it was quickly opened and closed to admit a tall, slender, youthful form clad in a long pale gray cloak trimmed with some dark fur A gray chiffon veil was twisted about a small hat and quite hid the features from view, although the doctor could see that his visitor was young and possessed of a rose tinted complexion.

Dr. Linden arose from his chair and awaited the approach of the girl, for she seemed scarcely more than that. He was vexed with Franz for not announcing the visitor. It was far beyond his usual office hours, and this room was his private apartment.

The girl looked around the luxuriously appointed room with a surprised start. Her glance lingered on Dr. Linden's handsome face with its pointed brown beard and slightly graying hair.

"I am afraid there is some mistake," she faltered at last.

"What can I do for you?" asked the doctor courteously, placing a chair for her near his own.

"You are Dr. Linden—of course you are! But what did they mean by telling me that—that"— She paused in evident confusion and looked down, and he saw that her arms clasped a varied assortment of bundles.

"Perhaps you better explain," he suggested.

"I wanted to see Dr. Linden," she said frankly, "so I telephoned to a hospital with which he was once connected, and they told me he had not been known there for ten years. Some one volunteered the information that he had suffered a stroke of paralysis from overwork and was a helpless cripple and in greatly straitened circumstances. I found his address in the directory, came here and found you. You are Dr Linden?" A pair of big brown eyes shone through the gray veil.

"Yes, of course I am Dr. Linden, but I do not understand what they meant by my being ill—unless they misunderstood your question and referred to a friend who has recently suffered a stroke and who has met with financial reverses. I have just come from his bedside. He lives in Brooklyn."

"Oh, dear!" cried the girl with a little trembling laugh. "I understood them to say it was you who was ill and in trouble, and I wanted to do something for you. You were so kind to me years ago. I have never forgotten. We arrived in America only yesterday from England, and, oh, Dr. Linden, what will you think of me? I've brought soup and blankets and slippers and tobacco—and everything!"

She tossed the bundles down on the sofa and tore off her veil to reveal the beautiful face of Cicely Auge, the little child he had been dreaming about that evening. Grown to a glorious young womanhood, through some freak of the fates the misunderstanding with the hospital people had resulted in an abridgment of a ceremonious meeting between them. There could be no

"I'VE BROUGHT SOUP AND BLANKETS AND SLIPPERS AND TOBACCO."

strangeness or embarrassment after their mutual hearty laugh at Cicely's expense.

Cicely Auge only stayed five minutes. She confessed that she had stolen away from the hotel to pay this visit to her old friend and must hurry back before her parents became alarmed. "I would never have dared to come if I had not supposed you to be poor and humble," she laughed gayly as he placed her in her taxicab. "Christmas eve is a lonely time when one is feeling down." Her face changed to one of warm sympathy.

"You will send those things on to Dr. Weldon?" she asked, forgetting that her hand was in his. She had thought of Dr. Linden during all the years of her growing up, and he had been her ideal hero. And he was a worthy one too.

"No, Cicely," said the doctor firmly. "Those things were brought to me and I shall keep them, every one, in memory of the best patient I ever had. But I will duplicate the gifts tomorrow and take them to Weldon myself. I wonder if I may call upon your mother too?"

"Ah, do!" she murmured, leading back in the cab. "A merry Christmas to you, Dr Linden, and many beautiful gifts."

"Thank you, wish me no more gifts, Cicely. I have received one far greater than I ever hoped to receive." He dropped her hand and watched the cab as it rolled down the avenue.

Back in his study once more, Dr. Linden stood before the hearth and smiled warmly around upon the empty chairs and sofas.

"Please God," he murmured reverently, "another Christmas and there will be no loneliness! There will be the wife if Cicely loves me and keeps that old promise!"

Cicely Auge did keep her promise.

Antiquity of Porto Rico.

Ethnologists have reason for thinking that Porto Rico and the adjoining islands may have been peopled from the valley of the Orinoco instead of from Yucatan. When first occupied by man Porto Rico may have been a part of a peninsula connected with South America Its fauna and flora are of the South American type, and it contains relics of a forgotten race which show evidence of a high grade of culture. Few traces of these aborigines are now to be found except in the interior of the island. Among the curious remains are stone inclosed plazas on which ceremonial dances were performed. The remains of carved idols and pottery show no small degree of skill and taste. No traces of stone buildings resembling those of the Mayas are found, but the houses are of the South American type. The manner of disposing of the dead also resembled that practiced in the valley of the Orinoco.—Exchange.

Couldn't Change.

Seventy-nine pairs of shoes had been shown to the stout customer and still he wasn't suited.

Producing the eightieth, the shop assistant said blandly:

"Now, here's a pair which I think will suit you to perfection."

The customer eyed them closely and then said:

"No; I don't like them. They are too narrow and pointed in the toes."

"But, sir," said the assistant in a last desperate effort, "everybody is wearing these long, narrow pointed toes this season."

"May be," said the stout man quietly, "but I'm still wearing my last season's feet."—London Answers.

The Puma

The large American [illegible] the puma is very rich in [illegible] which fact leads to so little confusion in the minds of young students of natural history The early Puritan settlers in New England named the animal the painter, meaning, of course, panther, because in shape and size it strongly resembles this fierce carnivore of the old world. It also received the name panamount, which was shortened down from out of the mountain. The reddish color of the fur of some of the specimens suggested the name red tiger, while in certain places it was given the more majestic name of mountain lion. In South America one of the native names was cuguacuara, but we have very sensibly knocked off four of the six syllables and shortened it to cougar. The puma has such a wide range, being found from Canada to Patagonia, that naturally enough it receives a different name in the various countries and localities which it inhabits Six names for one animal! No wonder readers of books of travel get confused.

The Scorpion of Ceylon.

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although, as a rule, it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood and, taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, look, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare. Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower and take the place of the humming birds of the east. As one approaches the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.

Reason for It.

At a debating society some time ago the Irish question was discussed. An English doctor was sustaining the argument that the Irish were naturally a race with right sentiments, but poorly developed. At Liverpool, he said, he had 300 Irish patients on his books and of these only thirty paid him for attendance.

"Sorr," said an Irishman, who rose with flushed cheek to defend his countrymen—"sorr, there is never an effect without a cause There is never a phenomenon that does not admit of an explanation. How can we explain the astounding phenomenon to which the doctor has called our attention? He finds an explanation in the natural depravity of the Irish nature. I, sorr, have another explanation to give, and it is this—the thirty patients recovered!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Curious Night Wells.

A curious form of water hole is found in the desert of Western Australia dry by day, but yielding an abundant supply of water by night The flow of water is preceded by hissings and sounds of rushing air. The phenomenon is discussed by Dr Malcolm Maclaren, who has located and examined one of these wells He found that the water supply occurred in a long, narrow trench, at the bottom of which was a thin plate of gneiss, separated by a cavity from the main rock mass beneath Apparently the heat of the day causes this plate to expand in the form of a depression, into which the water retreats. When it cools and contracts at night it forces first air and then water back into the trench.—Scientific American.

Her Fighting Clothes.

A certain matron alludes to a certain gown of hers as her "quarrel dress."

"I always wear it," she explains, "when I have had a quarrel with my husband."

"But why do you call it a quarrel dress?"

"Because it is the only gown I have that doesn't button in the back. Consequently I don't have to call on the old grouch to help me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Usual Kind.

On Jimmie's birthday his uncle gave him a knife His mother told him he ought to give his uncle a penny so that it would not cut their friendship

"Oh, well," rejoined Jimmie, "it won't cut anything else, so I guess it won't cut our friendship."—Chicago News.

Never Had a Chance.

"Why have you never run for office?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said the wealthy citizen, "when I was younger I was too poor to make a campaign; now that I am rich I don't dare to."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mean Question.

Wedderly—Today is the tenth anniversary of my marriage. Singleton—Well, what do you expect? Wedderly—Which do I expect? Singleton—Yes; congratulations or sympathy?

Hopeless.

"Tom has proposed and asks me to give him his answer in a letter."

"Shall you do it?"

"No. I will be more liberal and give him his answer in two letters."

Good Beginning.

Mrs. Ex—Is Mrs. Youngbride a good housekeeper? Mrs Wye—Well, when I dropped in on her she was trying to make bread in a chafing dish.—Boston Transcript.

SHE TURNED TRAITOR

And Was Glad of It

By GERTRUDE S. VARNEY.

When the war between the states broke out I was living on a small plantation—or, rather, a farm, as it would be called in the north—in Georgia and the only girl in a family of seven. I was so bitter a rebel that Bob, the youngest, said I'd better organize a corps of amazons to help repel the invaders.

Father said that if a Yankee soldier smiled on me I'd drop.

"Do you mean to say, pop, that I would ever love a man who had come down here to deprive us of our liberties and take away our property?"

"I wouldn't trust you, Kit, if he had sense enough to flatter you, and more especially if he should enlist your sympathies."

I was so mad at this that I went out to the barn, fearing that I might say something disrespectful

The invaders kept coming nearer and nearer till at last we had them all about us like pestiferous animals, or, rather, like a flight of locusts or grasshoppers eating up our diminished supplies and burning our fences for their campfires. If I hated them before I now both hated and dreaded them. "I wish," I said, "they had one neck and I could chop their heads off with an ax as I would kill a chicken." Pop only laughed at this.

One morning I was on my way to Aunt Mary's when, crossing a stile, I looked right down into the face of a Yankee asleep. He was very pale, and I noticed that he was handsome. There's something defenseless in one asleep that takes away animosity I was about to say "poor fellow" when I thought of what pop had said about woman's weakness through her sympathies, and I made up my mind I would show the family that I was of some use in the struggle even if I was only a girl. So I ran back to the house and, taking pop's rifle that stood in a corner behind a door, without saying anything to any one I went back and, aiming the gun at the sleeper, called out:

"Wake up!"

He opened his eyes, but he must have been very much exhausted, for, seeing a girl confronting him, he was going to sleep again.

"Wake up, you horrid Yankee!" I called. "You contemptible, blood thirsty"—

He opened his eyes once more and moved slightly. An awfully pained expression came over his face, and he put his hand to his side I noticed blood on his clothes and knew he was wounded The words "Poor fellow" came up again, but I checked them on the tip of my tongue and said fiercely—at least I tried to say it fiercely "Get up. You are my prisoner."

He now began to realize that there was something serious for him in the situation. I was pointing the rifle straight at him. It was cocked and my finger was on the trigger. He raised himself in a sitting posture, supported by one hand on the ground—though I saw it hurt him dreadfully—and, looking me in the eye, said:

"It would be better for me to be killed than captured. I haven't a load in my revolver, and if I had I wouldn't shoot a girl. Fire!"

I heard some one behind me and saw the Yankee's expression change. I turned, and there was pop. He had seen me go out with his rifle and had followed me. He took the weapon from my hands and, seeing that our prisoner was wounded, sent me back for a couple of the neighbors to come and carry him to the house. When we got him there the men searched him and found papers on his person giving the location and strength of the Confederate forces in the neighborhood. He had been chased and shot by our men. Having distanced them, he had fainted where I had found him. Later he had sunk into a slumber.

I heard the men speaking of him as a spy and debating whether they had better hang him to a tree or notify the Confederate general commanding the forces in that region of his capture. Finally one of the men mounted a horse and rode away. I was told he had a long ride before him and wouldn't be back before evening or perhaps by noon the next day. The Yankee was put in a room upstairs at the rear of the house. A man was put on guard at the front door and another one in the rear, under the prisoner's window.

Of course we weren't so inhuman as to leave the man's wound unattended to, and I rode over to a doctor, who came and dressed it. Mother gave me some corn pone to take up to the man for his dinner, and when she went out about something during the afternoon I killed a chicken and made him some broth. He was very grateful to me and said it was the only thing he could have eaten. I was mighty careful to get rid of the remains of the chicken and washed the dishes carefully, fearing that mother would find out what I'd done and would tell father. I wouldn't have him know that I had weakened toward a hated Yankee for anything.

After I had got rid of the evidence of that sympathy father had said would unfit women for soldiers I went back to my prisoner and asked if there was anything else he needed. He said there was. He undoubtedly would be hanged, and he would like me to write a letter to his mother. I saw this would do more to break me down than a hundred guns, and I didn't wish to do it, but I couldn't refuse him, and, getting the materials, I sat down by his bed. and he began to dictate. The very beginning caused me to waiver. "Dearest mother," spoken in a tremulous voice, was like striking a knife into my heart. He went on to tell her that she must have prayers for him; that he died far from country and had he got through safelist being captured would have rendered it a great service. I was weak enough to regret that I had been the cause of his capture, and when he came to the last words, "Your loving son who is about to die," I burst into a torrent of tears and sprinkled them on the paper.

This ended the fight for me. My rout was complete. I was ready to turn traitor to my country by assisting in the escape of one of her enemies who might cause the defeat—indeed, the slaughter—of her sons, among whom were my own brothers. To get him out of the house during the day seemed impossible, and by evening the messenger might return with soldiers to take him away. But I was now as hot for the enemy as I had been against him. I looked out of the window. There was the man on guard, sitting on a wood pile with a shotgun between his knees. A wheatfield extended from a few yards of the house to a wood an eighth of a mile away. In the interval there was not a tree or an obstruction of any kind. The wheat had been cut and was stacked on the ground in sheaves. Could anything be more hopeless for an escape?

But that power of duplicity, sympathy, unreasoning antagonism to seeing a fellow creature—especially a man who has awakened the divine spark of love—suffer, had been aroused in me, and I was as ready to do and dare in my field as a man in his. I must act in broad day; I dare not risk waiting for night. I looked at the sheaves and the guard below, and an idea—no, two ideas—came to me like the flash of a gun. Seizing a part of the bed covering, I began to tear it into strips.

"Are you strong enough," I asked the invader, "to let yourself down from the window by this?"

"I am strong enough, sweetheart," he said, his countenance lighting with hope and love, "to do anything you require."

Oh, that word "sweetheart!" It stung me with ecstasy. When I had made a rope long enough to reach nearly from the window to the ground I went downstairs and, taking an empty bucket and giving it to Sam Warder, the guard, who (a crown for my treachery) had asked me to be his wife, asked him to go to the spring across the road in front of the house and bring me some water while I guarded "the detestable Yankee" in his place, and I sealed the iniquity by giving him a Judas kiss.

His absence gave me just time enough to seize one of the sheaves and toss it up to the prisoner, whom I called to the window. He caught it and took it in Then I returned to the room where he was and unbinding the sheaf put it about him and tied it up again. Then I put one end of the rope of bedclothes into his hands and tied the other end to a leg of the bedstead. This all done, I told the spy to watch by the window and if he saw me disappear, when he heard me give a little shriek, to make the descent and take position in the field as a sheaf of wheat.

Going downstairs again I began to talk to Sam Warder about our affair, putting up my lips near his to tempt him. He begged for a kiss, and after teasing him awhile I told him that if he would come around the corner of the house where there were no windows I would give him one. After a hesitating glance at the prisoner's window he consented—"only for a minute"—and attempted to take the kiss. I gave a little shriek, then allowed him to take me in his arms and give me as many kisses as he liked. When he started to go back to his post I looked at him reproachfully and asked him if he was through so soon. This detained him for a few minutes longer, when, fearing that if I endeavored to keep him further he might suspect my design, I went back with him to the rear of the house. There was the wheatfield, but I could not detect the sheaf which contained the man for whom I had become a double traitor. While my heart was beating wildly I ran upstairs.

The room was empty.

I danced for joy. There would be no hanging. I had undone what I had done for my country and deserved to be hanged instead of the spy. But in a twinkling I had been changed. I would rather suffer death for the prisoner than live for my country. My demoralization was complete.

Later in the day I looked at the wheatfield and saw that one sheaf had fallen on the ground. I knew the man inside it could not stand. I was terrified, for fear some one would go and set it up. In an agony of suspense, I waited for darkness to come. It came at last and the messenger did not return till 10 o'clock at night, to find that the spy had escaped.

When the war was over the Yankee spy came back to claim the girl who had saved his life, and the story came out. But I had become shameless. The whole family, remembering my Confederate proclivities when the war began, laughed at me. But father said:

"Kit, you made the kind of a soldier women are fitted to make, and you deserve a medal of honor."

"No," I replied, "I made a coward, a renegade, a traitor and deserve to be hanged, but I'm glad of it."

THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

They Are the Workshops of the People In the Poorer Quarters.

The ancient city of Naples has always been more celebrated for its beauty and interest of its surroundings than for its own attractiveness or scenic advantages.

The charm of Naples itself lies in its life—the carefree, open air life of its people, with much of it passed almost wholly out of doors under the glow of the heavenly. The Neapolitan is the most buoyant, light hearted creature in the world and, it must be added, about the most indolent. The streets are bright and moving pictures. Many of the people, men, women and children—when these latter are not innocent of any clothing—are garbed in strange and somewhat gaudy costume, with bright colored kerchiefs on their heads.

In the poorer and more populous quarters all handicrafts and occupations are carried on out of doors, and the streets are as busy as beehives. Tailors are seen at their work, and carvers of lava, tortoise shell and coral articles, makers of statuary, women sewing, cooking and performing all their domestic duties, men, women and children eating, sleeping, chattering, playing, singing, all in the open. There is no cessation to the noise and bustle in the streets from early morning, when the tinkle of goat bells starts the day, until the evening, when countless mandolin players, wandering from house to house, from trattoria to cafe, "singing for their supper" of macaroni and red wine the famous old love songs of Naples and popular operatic airs.

All day long the rattle of wheels, the cracking of whips, the furious shouting of drivers, the jingle of the elaborately decorated harness, the cries of innumerable street hawkers, the playing of military bands as regiments march through the streets, fill the air with a not unpleasant and thoroughly Neapolitan din.—American Travelers' Magazine.

BREVITY APPRECIATED.

Japanese Courtesy Was a Bore to Both Oriental and Englishman.

Oriental courtesy takes up a great deal of time and on that account is not always appreciated in western lands, as is shown in the following extract from Yoshio Markino's book on Englishwoman, "Miss John Bull," in which he says:

"I used to live in Greenwich, and thence I attended to the Japanese naval office in the morning, then to the night school of the Goldsmith Institute. It was nearly 11 o'clock every night when I arrived at my diggings. I was deadly tired. The landlord asked me every evening:

"'How were you getting on with your work today?'

"I always answered him every small detail of my work at the office and the school. One day I said to my landlady:

"'Why is your husband giving me such a troublesome question? You see, I often feel too tired to answer.'

"She patted me and said:

"'My poor boy, you need not give him all information of your work. It is our custom to say "How are you getting on?" and if you simply say "All right" that will be quite enough.'

"The next evening the old man put the same question to me. At first I rather hesitated because I thought such an abrupt answer might offend him, but I got courage at last when I saw his wife giving me some sign in her eyes. I shouted loudly, 'All right!' To my surprise, the old man seemed more satisfied than to hear the details.

"Since this event I began to incline to have more friendship with John Bullesses than John Bulls!"

Chilling Prospect.

It was in Lincolnshire, and the guard of the train at the preceding junction had been attentive to a gentleman whose luggage he noticed was labeled to an out of the way little station a few miles beyond. On reaching the traveler's destination the guard, having carefully deposited the gentleman's traps on the platform in acknowledgment of a generous tip, solemnly grasped the donor's hand and feelingly shook it. This unusual move raised the curiosity of the passenger, who asked the meaning of it. The guard answered significantly:

"Well, sir, you never can tell. I have left several gentlemen such as you at this forsaken hole, but never picked one up. Goodness only knows what becomes of them, I don't."—London Telegraph.

Fixing the Quilt.

Following Tim, who was following a pair of horses, the owner of the farm noticed that the drills Tim had been running out for potatoes were strangely irregular.

"Tim," he said, "these drills are very crooked."

"Faith, they are now," assented Tim, "but you should have seen them this mornin' before th' sun warped them."

Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

She Could Spend.

He—I am a millionaire. Haven't I money enough for both of us? She—Yes, if you are moderate in your tastes.—New York Sun.

Mind is the partial side of man. The heart is everything.—Rivarol.

THE WAY DISRAELI "PUT ONE OVER"

On Publisher Colburn.

When the Hon. Mr. Ward wrote his novel "Tremaine" he was fearful of acknowledging himself the author until its fate should have been ascertained. He accordingly, the better to preserve his incognito, sent the manuscript copy by the wife of his attorney to Mr. Colburn. The work, although talented, was not considered likely to succeed well, and consequently pay extremely well, and consequently pay extremely well, and consequently pay extremely